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MYSTICISM.

DURING the years 1818 and 1819, Dr. Tholuck, now Professor at the University at Halle, perused such of the Arabic, Persian and Turkish Manuscripts contained in the Royal Library at Berlin, as pertain to religious subjects. He first published, as the fruit of these studies, a work entitled *Ssufismus, sive Theosophia Persarum pantheistica*, Berlin, 1821, containing a developement of the principles of the Ssoofees, a mystic sect prevailing in Persia. He has since published, as supplementary to this, a work entitled *Blüthensammlung aus der Morgenländischen Mystik*, Berlin, 1825, containing choice extracts from the writers of the sect above-mentioned, rendered from the original into German verse. These works, particularly the latter, furnish very valuable materials for the history of literature, philosophy and religion. Passing by the poetry in which these extracts are written, and which displays a wildness and extravagance of fancy, an earnestness of feeling, and at the same time depth and richness of thought, quite uncommon in the poetic productions of the west ; passing by the philosophy developed in these writings, and which may be characterized in a word by saying, it is the opposite of the superficial empiricism that prevails among us, and strongly resembles, in thoroughness and in fearless consistency, the abstrusest schools of German speculation ; I shall beg the attention of the reader to a trait in these writings more striking still—the religious life that pervades them, and which, though exhibited in writers unblest with the influences of Christianity, assumes at first view a deceptive likeness to that

true piety, which is justly considered as produced only by the Divine Spirit, attending the doctrines of Christ, in this gracious dispensation which we enjoy.

One who stands on the heights of the Christian Revelation, and thence surveys the moral world, will be convinced of *the reality and importance of the religious principle in human nature*, and at the same time of *its weakness and insufficiency*;—its reality and importance, in that it is everywhere developed, and is the badge of our distinction above the brute, and the pledge of our higher destination;—its weakness and insufficiency, in that it is unable to realize to man the ideal of excellence after which it reaches. This general conviction will be deepened by a glance at this field of Oriental mysticism, which is now opened to the view of the religious enquirer. For he looks and sees here a developement of this principle peculiarly strong—an intense seeking after a higher life; and all is full of promise. But he looks again, and there is no advance; it is all labor and no rest—seeking and not finding—drinking and thirsting again. The net is still on the wing of the eagle, and while it struggles towards its native skies, it only entangles itself the more. When the Christian witnesses these ineffectual efforts, he cannot repress the desire, that he who is demanded by the deep necessities of the mind, who came down from Heaven to meet the spirit vainly aspiring thither—he who once sat on the well in Samaria, would now go and sit down by all the fountains to which the deluded pilgrims repair, and would say to them, as they tell him of the Deliverer of whom they have heard in the faint echoes of tradition—*Lo! I that speak with you am he.*

The mystic disposition, as the religious principle in the human mind may be conveniently called, is then by no means *an unreal or imaginary* thing. It exists in some degree among all the nations of whom we have any knowledge, who are advanced beyond absolute barbarism. Under the influence of those positive external religions, which, like the Christian, are highly calculated to excite and cherish the spiritual life; and in connection with a constitutional temperament, which, like that of the Orientalist, is congenial with its exercise, it becomes a more distinct feature of character than elsewhere. But it is by no means confined within such limits. In India, the established religion, the reigning philosophy, and the natural temperament, combine to favor the growth of the religious germ; and striking root in a fervid soul, and fostered by the doctrines both of the Brahman and Soghui, it becomes more strongly developed than in any other country.

In China, however, these favorable circumstances are reversed; the natural temperament is cold; a dry, systematizing understanding takes the lead among the intellectual powers; and the established religion is little else than an idolatry of the state; and yet mysticism exists there under the name of the religion of Fo, being introduced from India by the fanatical worshippers of the incarnate Buddha. Even from the bosom of ceremonial Judaism sprang the mystic Essenes and Therapeutæ. The Mohammedan religion is directly and essentially opposed to every form and degree of spirituality; and yet, favored by the natural temperament of the Orientalist, mysticism gains its thousands from the followers of the false prophet; and so far from being crushed by the sensual dogmas of the Koran, infuses them with a life and spirit not their own. Again we find this plant of Paradise blooming with uncommon beauty in the unfriendly soil of the west; and this is owing to the Christian religion, which, more than any other, awakens the soul to its true necessities, and alone meets and satisfies the desires which it excites. Thus is the religious principle found to exist in every nation that has risen even a little above the grossness of a merely animal existence. It is manifested sometimes by the lingering recollections of a golden age, or by bright anticipations of a future Eden, as we learn from every heathen mythology;—sometimes by disgust for the things of time, and a yearning after divine things, and is then expressed by self-denial, fastings and pilgrimages;—sometimes by a condemning conscience breaking in upon the security of the soul, and then appears in bloody sacrifices and cruel expiatory rites. And so the whole race of men presents itself in the attitude of desire and earnest expectation; and though the hopes of other nations are not built, like those of the Jews, upon a sure word of promise, yet with almost equal confidence do they eagerly long for deliverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, until the era of its redemption.

Nor is this mysticism, in itself considered, whatever it may become when perverted, a *disordered, sickly* state. But this is speaking feebly of that which constitutes our distinction from the brute—that higher life imparted to the living soul, making it in the image of its Author, and introducing it to a moral order. “In the beginning man had the Word, and the Word was from God,” says Schlegel, if not according to the letter, yet in the spirit of Holy Writ. And what now is all this higher consciousness, which we often mistake for an in-

tensive form of our natural faculties, but the presence of this divine Guest? What is this Spirit, now of instruction, opening truth to our darkened minds; now of friendly admonition, pointing away to a purer spring of enjoyment; now of terror and rebuke, bringing the soul into the bondage of fear: what is it but the **INBORN WORD**—that inheritance which we often would, but cannot wholly alienate;—that light which shineth in every man that cometh into the world—hated often and perverted by human darkness, but shining on, at once the glory and misery of the fallen mind?

The mystic disposition, the religious instincts of the mind, are also *a pledge of our higher destination*. Instinct may be justly described, as a necessity which one feels of doing or enjoying something of which he has as yet no distinct notion; and itself furnishes presumption of a corresponding object. Now why nature should tell her first lie in the nobler instincts of our nature, it is hard to say; and we may well believe, therefore, that the purity, peace and freedom, after which the mind blindly gropes and reaches, are its real destination. "Wir zappeln auf dem Trocknen, und es muss irgendwo ein Ocean für uns seyn." "If a grain of wheat," says Claudius, in his *Wandsbecker Bothe*, "containing the germ of the root, fibres, stem, leaves and blades, could be endowed with consciousness, it would go to dreaming of roots, fibres, stems, leaves and blades, and have an obscure perception of what it was afterwards to become." On the supposition that the soul of man is immortal, and is related to a higher sphere, to which it will be hereafter elevated, we should naturally suppose that, in its present stage, it would have its dreams of immortality, its seeking after divine things, its obscure and glimmering consciousness of all that awaits it. And so in fact we find it. Though fallen now and enslaved, the soul gives evidence, by its noble bearing, that it is a royal captive; the phrase of the court is often on its lips; it is miserable in its conscious degradation, and longs for its native freedom. Like the bride, blindfolded in the room with her beloved, the soul peeps beneath the bandage drawn over its eyes, listens with affectionate longing for the ineffable voice of the spouse, leaps forward toward every sound of his approach, and when it embraces a shadow in his stead, cries with the mystic maid in the *Canticles*—"I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him I am sick of love."

As the mystic disposition is the certain pledge, so it is *the essential pre-requisite of that new and higher life* which constitutes the first mystery of our religion. In its deep desires,

the soul is conscious of that drawing by the Heavenly Father, without which it cannot come to Christ. This divine Christian economy is intended to meet the wants of the mind, and has nothing to offer, to those who have need of nothing. But when the world begins to lose its charms, and the soul be-thinks itself in earnest of a better portion, and now is burdened with the chain of sense, and the bosom heaves with sighs, and the streaming eye is lifted to Heaven—Oh ! this is within reach of a promise :—“ *If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink.*”

But we were to show not only that the mystic disposition is a real and important element of character, but that, on the other hand, *it is in itself ineffectual*, since it is unable to realize to the mind that ideal of excellence after which it reaches—in other words, to bring the human will to a conformity with the divine, or restore to the soul that full and harmonious life which it has lost. Religious instincts we undoubtedly have ; but unlike the unerring instincts of the brute, they must be guided by a superior wisdom.

We may read in the books, that man is not only physically but morally dependant upon higher powers. Socrates said long ago, that good men, as well as poets, must be made οὐτε φυσικῶς, οὐτε τεχνικῶς, ἀλλ' ἐπιπνοιαὶ ἐκ τῶν θεῶν. And Kant, the great philosophical reformer of modern times, acknowledges that we cannot conceive how a bad man should of himself become good ; in his own language—“The first subjective ground of the adoption of moral maxims is inscrutable ; how should the law determine the will ?” But by looking at the field of Oriental mysticism, we shall find this truth in living representation. In that great arena of moral effort, man has done everything within human power to raise himself above humanity. And if poetic recollections of Paradise could restore its purity—if bright anticipations of Heaven could bring it down into the soul—if a pure moral doctrine could secure virtue of life—if intense desires after God could make man partaker of his nature—or if by mighty efforts the human will could bend itself into conformity with the divine, then would the Ssoofees, the Gymnosophists, the Bonzes, and all those men of sorrow and labor, have wrought out a perfect righteousness, and man might be his own Saviour.

Away in the house of bondage, the prodigal spirit may long for its distant home ; it may arise and get itself out to the border-hill that looks toward the land of promise ; but the desert is between, and nothing short of a miracle can carry it over. “ Vom Fleisch will nicht heraus der Geist.”

All this is well expressed by the shrewd sceptic Montaigne. When men talk of raising themselves above humanity—"Voilà," he says, "un bon mot, et un util desir, mais pareillement absurde. D'esperer enjamber plus que de l'estendue de nos jambes, cela est impossible et monstrueux. L'homme s'eslevera si Dieu lui preste extraordinairement la main. Il s'eslevera abandonnant et renonçant a ses propres moyens, et se laissant hausser et souslever par les moyens purement celestes. C'est a nostre foy Chretienne, et non a la vertu Stoique, de pretendre a cette divine et miraculeuse metamorphose."

Consider the lily of the valley, how from a germ hidden in the earth, it has come to be arrayed in a glory that surpasses that of Solomon. Now if God so clothe the grass, which to-day is and to-morrow perishes, how much more shall he cherish this precious germ hidden in the mind of man, and in his own mysterious way bring it to perfection! w.

TO NEPTUNE.

God of the mighty sea!—wherever now
 The waves beneath thy brazen axle bow—
 Whether thy strong, proud steeds, wind-winged and wild,
 Trample upon the waves about them piled
 By the strong storm-god, whirling thy swift car
 Each way among the winds, that near and far
 Yell out for pleasure, tossing crested foam
 Upon their floating manes, and on their sides
 Of glossy blackness—god of the torn sea
 And stormy waters—thou from whom ships flee,
 Or sink into thy waves—god of the mighty storm,
 And of fierce winds that on the ocean swarm—
 God of the roar, the foam, the thunder crash
 Of angry waves—the low and sullen dash
 That waters make, while far beneath they flow
 Over some storm-wreck—we thy great power know,
 And call thee to our offering. Come and drive
 Thy chariots to our shore, and see us strive
 To do thee honor. Come! with thy fierce crowd
 Of fleeting winds—O god, most strong and proud!

Perhaps thou lettest now thy horses roam
Upon some quiet sea—no wind-tossed foam
Is now upon their limbs, but leisurely
They tread with silver feet the sleeping sea,

*Fanning the waves with slowly floating manes,
But late storm driven. Haply, silver strains,
From trumpets spirit-blown, about thee ring ;
And green robed sea-gods, unto thee their king,
Sing, loud in praise. Apollo now doth gaze
With friendly looks upon thee, and his rays
Light up thy steeds' wild eyes—a pleasant warm
Is felt upon the sea, where fierce cold storm
Has just been rushing, and the noisy winds
That Eolus within their prison binds,
Flying with misty wings—perhaps below
Thou liest in green caves, where bright things glow
With many colors—many a monster keeps
His watch anear thee, while old Triton sleeps
As idly as his wont—and bright eyes peep
Upon thee every way as thou dost sleep.*

*Perhaps thou liest in some Indian isle,
Under a waving tree, where many a mile
Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands
Heaped up in many shapes by Naiads' hands,
And blushing as the waves come rippling on,
Shaking the sun-light from them as they run
And curl towards the land—like molten gold
Thick set with jewelry most rare and old—
And sea nymphs sit, and with small delicate shells
Make thee sweet melody, as in deep dells
We hear of summer nights by fairies made,
The while they dance within some quiet shade,
And sound their silver flutes most low and sweet,
In strange but beautiful tunes, that their light feet
May dance upon the bright and misty dew
In better time ; all wanton airs that blew
But lately over spice trees, now are here,
And wave their wings, all odor-laden, near
The bright and joyful sea. Oh ! wilt thou rise
And come from them to our new sacrifice !*

A. P.

DREAMS.

"I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams."
HAMLET.

It is said that terrestrial happiness is a beautiful vision, placed in the edge of the sensible horizon, which all the world chase with untiring ardor ; encouraged to pursue it by hope, though experience is constantly interposing assurances that it is a delusion. The deception is facilitated by the example of a few, who externally appear to possess all that

heart can desire or ambition aspire to ; but further examination discovers some secret sorrow, either real or imaginary, which blights expectation, or dulls the edge of enjoyment.

I might be thought a happy man, for I am possessed of youth, health, and a plentiful fortune. Do I wish to ride, hunt or swim—I need not pass the precincts of my own estate. Do I seek the pleasures of literary research—my library holds forth abundant opportunity. Do I wish to enjoy society—the first circles court my attendance. I have many friends, and few enemies ; but still there is an alloy with all this gold that could never be suspected. My comfort is destroyed by dreams. Laugh if you will, but so it is. They are the plague of my life. No sooner do I retire to rest than I am galloping with the nightmare “over four-inch bridges”—swelling, like Mephistopheles, into an elephant, or diminishing to a grain. I do really believe that Hecate and her charnel-house crew carouse upon my bed the moment my eyes are closed in—no—not in slumbers, but in capers like these.

In one of our dreary nights in January, I placed myself comfortably in my arm chair, and extending my legs upon the fender, fell into a train of rather melancholy musings. The clock of St. Paul’s slowly doled out the hour of midnight, and the responsive al-l-s-we-l-l of the watchman, rendered indistinct by the distance, seemed as if the spirit of the hour was bewailing, in plaintive tones, the annihilation of its being. Time’s brazen voice announced to unheeding thousands—“You are rushing on Eternity!” I thought of my friends who had dropped off one by one from around me. Youth and old age had sunk into the abyss of death. Consumption, fever and palsy had done their work ; the slight ripple of their exit subsided, and all was still—as quiet and as beautiful as if they had never been. Among others was poor Louisa S—, in the prime of her youth and beauty. But one short week she was the pride of her friends, the idol of her husband ; in another, the slow toll of the village bell announced her funeral. I shall never forget the scene. The soft yellow light of the declining sun poured through the lofty oaks which bordered the graveyard, and painted their broad shadows upon the velvet turf, as the procession slowly wended its way among the mounds that covered the remnants of mortality. I had not joined it, but, leaning upon a tomb-stone near the grave, waited its arrival. The bier was placed upon the ground—the coffin lid was thrown open, and friends looked, for the last time, on that beautiful face, now pallid and sharp in death. Her dark hair was parted upon her forehead, but

the dampness of death had deprived it of its lustre. I gazed long and painfully. I could not realize that that lovely form was still forever—that those lips would remain closed until the day when, amid whirlwinds and fire, they would plead her cause before the Almighty. The coffin lid was replaced in silence—a suppressed whisper from the sexton—a harsh grating of the cords, and the gaping pit received its prey. While the clergyman, in his deep and gloomy voice, was pronouncing the burial service of the dead, I looked around upon the uncovered group—the mother and sister in unrestrained sobs gave vent to their anguish, but the husband stood, his eyes fixed upon the grave, in stern and silent agony. He moved not, but when the dead, heavy clamp of earth and stones fell upon the coffin that contained the remains of all that was dear to him, he gave a gasp as if he had received a death wound—but that was all;—the thick, convulsive breathing, and the swollen arteries upon his temples, showed that his was the bitterness of despair. In less than a year, the wasted form of the husband was laid by the side of the wife.

I had sat sometime, thinking “of all the miseries that this world is heir to,” when gradually my room became mazy—the tongs and fender were blended into one—the fire slowly disappeared, and, to my utter horror and astonishment, I found myself swinging upon the weather-cock of Trinity Church steeple. How I came there I could not tell, but there I was. Far, far below me I saw the long rows of lamps in Broadway and the adjoining streets, shining in lines of fire, while here and there, the glimmer of those upon the carriages as they rolled along, resembled the *ignes fatui*, in their ghostly revels upon the morass. The bay appeared in the distance, glittering in the moonlight like a sea of silver, while the islands and fortresses seemed like huge monsters resting upon its bosom. All nature appeared at rest. An instant, and but an instant, I gazed in wild delight upon the scene; but as the novelty vanished, the reality of my situation became more dreadful. I looked below, and shuddered at the distance. I tried to convince myself that I was in a dream—but that relief was denied me. I grew wild with fear. I called for help. I screamed—yelled in desperation. Alas! my voice could not be heard half the distance to earth. I called on angels, devils, to assist me—but the cold wind alone answered, as it rushed around the steeple in its whistle of contempt. As my animal spirits were exhausted, I became more calm. I perceived that the slender iron upon which the weather-cock was fixed was slowly bending with the weight of my

body, already benumbed with cold. Although it was madness, I ventured a descent. Moving with extreme caution, I clasped the spire in my arms. I slid down, inch by inch—the cold sweat poured off my brow—and the blood, curdling in my veins, rushed back in thick and suffocating throbs upon my heart. I grasped the steeple tighter in my agony—my nails were clenched in the wood—but in vain—slip—slip—the steeple enlarged as I descended; my hold relaxed—the flat palms of my hands pressed the sides as I slid down with frightful rapidity. Could I but catch the ledge below!—I succeeded—I clutched it in my bleeding fingers—for a moment I thought I was safe—but I swung over the immense height in an instant—the wind dashed me from side to side like a feather. I strove to touch the sides of the steeple with my knees—I could not reach it—my strength began to fail—I felt the muscles of my fingers growing weaker—the blackness of despair came over me—my fingers slid from the ledge—down—down I plunged—one dash upon the roof, and I was stretched motionless upon the pavement. A crowd collected around me. I heard them commiserating my fate. They looked at me, and then at the steeple, as if measuring the distance from whence I had fallen; but they offered me no assistance. They dispersed—I slowly raised myself on my feet—all was cold and still as the grave.——Regions of ice—an immense transparent mirror extended on all sides around me. The cold, smooth plain was only measured by the horizon. I found myself on skates. I rushed along, outstripping the winds—I ascended mountains of ice—I descended like a meteor—Russia, with its frozen torrents—Siberia, with its eternal snows, were behind me—miles and degrees were nothing—on I rushed—Iceland vanished—with the speed of a thunderbolt I passed Spitzbergen—days, weeks expired, but still I sped forward, without fatigue, without exhaustion. Now! how delightfully I glided along—no effort—all was still, cold and brilliant. I neared the pole. Franklin and Parry were slowly wending their way. They hailed me, but I could not stop—I was out of sight in an instant. I saw an immense object swinging to and fro in the distance—it was that stumbling-block of modern philosophers—the Pendulum. As I neared it, a confused noise of voices broke upon my ear. “Variations,” “spherical,” “elongated,” “concave,” and other scientific terms echoed and re-echoed each other like the hum of a bee-hive. I was surrounded with winged barometers, chronometers and magnets. Plus (x) minus (—) and square roots (xx) were flying around me in every di-

rection, jostling each other without mercy. Here a pair of compasses with outstretched legs was gravely listening to the regular tick of a chronometer; and there a group of angles and parallelograms were watching the variations of the needle. They all appeared intent upon some scientific object, when, of a sudden, a disturbance was raised, and all was hubbub and confusion. The "Quadrature of the circle," and "Gunter's scale" had come to blows. Angles and triangles, oblongs and cones formed a ring around them. Little cylinders and circles came rolling in from every quarter to see the fun. The battle was waxing fierce and dangerous. "Quod" had received a knock-down blow from his opponent, when the long-legged compasses, with pencil in mouth, interfered as peace-maker, kicking down the little angles in his path, and declaring it shamed the cause of science. He in turn was collared and nearly mastered by the bottle holding squares and triangles. The contest was growing general, when up came a fat justice of an electrical machine, whizzing and cracking sparks as he drew near the scene of action. In a moment they were scampering in all directions, and the field was cleared, save here and there some limping figure was hobbling off in desperate precipitation. Amid all this confusion nought appeared regular save the gigantic pendulum, which swung forward and backward with the noiseless motion of the incubus. I advanced nearer—the top of the rod was riveted by the pole star, which shone like a diamond.

I reach the ship. Her sails are spread to the winds, and for a while we plough our course through the icy flood. Now our speed diminishes—and now we scarcely move. The rudder creaks lazily, as the waves impel it from side to side, and the long pennant lies supinely resting upon the shrouds, except when startled by the lowly ripple which bathes her dark sides, it raises itself as if to see what disturbs its slumbers, and sinks again to its couch. A distant sullen roar now breaks upon my ear. It increases. Our before quiet bark begins to rush along, as if ashamed of her dull reverie. But still there is no wind. The sea is smooth and placid—the mimic surge is alone thrown from her bows, by the increasing velocity with which we dash along. The rushing noise of waters increases, and sounds like distant thunder. The white surges show themselves in the distance, leaping and jumping with frightful violence. I approach the Captain—his gloomy brow, the ghastly paleness of the crew, as with folded arms they stand looking in the distance, alarms me. I eagerly ask the cause of the appearances before me; but he answers not.

He stands immovable as a statue. In a cold, unearthly voice a sailor replies—"We are food for the Maelstrom." "Can we not," I frantically exclaim—"can we not escape?" "Bend every sail—ply every oar," the same hollow voice replies. "Too late—our doom is sealed," and the finger of the speaker points to a dark, fiendish figure at the helm, who, with a low hellish laugh, is steering for the midst. The raging waves boil and roar around us. Our fated ship plunges forward—a steady, resistless power sucks us in. On we are hurried to our frightful goal. See! see the whale—the leviathan—they struggle—their immense bodies are thrown almost entirely in the air—their blood stains the foaming brine—they roar like mad bulls—the zig-zag lightning in the black canopy above us is reflected in fiery showers from the spray—the crashing thunder mingles with the yells of the struggling monsters. Their efforts are vain—an infant in a giant's hands has more power. The devouring whirlpool claims them for its own. On we are borne, in unresisting weakness, an offering to this watery hell—faster and faster—circle after circle disappears—we are on the edge of the furious watery tunnel—we are buried in the torrent—the long arms of the *polipi* seize my companions in their horrid embrace.

An unseen hand raises me. Where am I? Green woods, gardens, fountains and grottoes! What beautiful flowers! Roses, hyacinths and lilies are clustered together in immense beds. The gorgeous tulip, the amaranthus and the moss-rose vied with each other in fragrant rivalry, while the modest little violet claimed protection in the embraces of the myrtle. The *Jets-de-eau* were flowing from a thousand fountains—here, thrown in mimic cataracts from huge marble basins—and there, spouting from the mouths of sphinxes and lions, ascend in columns high in air, irrigating with copious showers the party colored beds below. The long vistas were shaded with the magnolia and flowering almond, while snow-white statues seemed watching the beautiful picture of happiness before them. Birds of variegated colors and splendid plumage were flying from tree to tree, and it appeared as if nature in their sweet notes, and the fragrance of the flowers was offering up her tribute of incense and praise to the Creator. I was invigorated with new life. I ran from alley to alley—delicious fruits tempted my taste—the perfumes of Arabia floated in this earthly paradise. Suddenly I heard music. The singing of the birds ceased, and a train of beautiful girls appeared, moving in a kind of ballet before me. Their graceful forms were clad in snow-white robes, their girdles gemmed with diamonds, and

their alabaster necks twined with wreaths of roses, rivalled the statues which overlooked them. A joyous laugh burst from the merry damsels as they danced, forming in circles, now advancing, now retreating—the circle opened—a veiled figure was in the midst—I approached—the fairies disappeared—the veil was slowly lifted—one moment—my Cora!—we were alone—we wandered from bower to bower—her small white hand was clasped in mine—her glossy raven tresses played upon my shoulder—her warm, sweet breath fanned my glowing cheek, and her dark eyes melted into mine. I fell upon my knee—a cold and grizzly skeleton met my embrace. The group of Houries were changed into a band of attending hags. In place of wreaths of roses, their shrivelled necks were covered with the deadly night-shade and dark Mandragora—forked adders and serpents were twining with frightful familiarity upon their long arms. I shuddered—I was chained to the spot. I——

Now—now I am mounted on a white charger—the head of an immense army—my bold Cuirassiers form a moving mass of iron around me. The bugle sounds the signal for engagement. Peal after peal of musketry flash from the dark masses. The rattling, reverberating roar rolls from right to left. The gaping throats of the cannon announce, in broad flashes, the departure of their messengers upon the journey of death. On we rush—battalion on battalion. We storm the redoubt. “Charge! charge the villains!” “Men of the fifth legion follow your leader!” “Hurrah! they bear back!” I seize the standard from a falling soldier—it is planted in the Turkish parapet. Horrible confusion! The trenches are choked. “Hah! Greek, strike down the villain at thy shoulder”—too late—his *ataghan* is buried in thy heart. I’ll revenge thee. I dash upon him—the fire darts from our words—we fight like tigers—we close—we roll upon the ground. I seize my dagger—the bright steel glitters—all has vanished—no troops—no weapon.

A.

AMBITION.

THERE came a dark vision among the thick stars,
 With a panoply of mist;
 And bodiless terrors, on wind-driven cars,
 Where the wheels, like serpents, hissed—
 And the bright stars waned as those cloud shapes passed under;
 And with no gleam of lightning rolled loudly the thunder.

And a dim spirit bowed—like a blast on the hills
 That we hear and seem to see—
 And he spake in a voice, like the thunder that fills
 Some dark cave near the sea—
 Far down in whose depths are the hoarse waters dashing,
 Like a far distant army their spears and shields clashing.

“I breathe on the minds of kings,
 With a strong and venomous power—
 Away each his sceptre and purple robe flings,
 And leaps on to war, as a death-fanged wolf springs
 To drink of a bloody shower.
 Their laughing lands do weep,
 And hearts are torn asunder,
 And the spirit of war stalks o’er the land,
 With a frowning face and a bloody hand,
 From which each way the fierce lightnings leap,
 And the roar of the bounding thunder.
 I go in the van of the stunning battle,
 My music is ever the sabre’s rattle—
 The thundering cannon peal—
 The streams of the death-winged bullets flying—
 The shouts of the living—the yells of the dying—
 And the tramp, as squadrons wheel,
 And tread down the dead and dying.

I pass o’er the populous city,
 And misery stalks in each street—
 And never a sound does the weary ear meet,
 But the plashing of blood around mailed feet,
 The death shriek and cry for pity.

Bright eyes are dimmed with tears,
 As if with lightning blasted—
 And sweet forms, with woes and fears,
 And many bereavements are wasted—
 Wild famine crawls into each house,
 And crouches on every hearth,
 And yells, as men’s life blood is drying away,
 With a wild and horrible mirth.
 Long ages I’ve ruled in the world—
 My throne yet has never been taken—
 My wide floating banner has never been furled—
 Its staff has yet never been shaken.
 I dwell on a dark and a cloud covered throne,
 It is founded on broken hearts—
 It is built of spears that thro’ men have been thrown—
 Of helm, and shield, and arms unknown
 To present skill and art.

I have a seat in many a soul,
 And rule in many a brain
 That is reeling to perdition—
 In every thundering cannon’s roll—
 In every death shriek—again and again
 You may hear the name of **AMBITION!**”

A WALK INTO THE COUNTRY.

A WALK into the country! how it opens all the "cells where memory sleeps"—for have not the grassy fields and shady trees been to all of us, either the home where life's freshest, greenest hours were spent, or the scene of youthful indulgence? There we first felt the wondrous magic of nature, whether we were wont to open our eyes on her fair face in the morning, and close them on it at night, or occasionally, escaping from the heat, and dust, and noise of a city, tasted, as a rich and rare delight,—

" * * * the breathing balm—
* * * the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things."

No; I am sure there is not one among the sons of men so wholly hardened as not to feel strong emotion stirring within him, as he looks again, after years' estrangement, upon a scene that first woke him to a consciousness of the beautiful, and which, by its stillness, and perfume, and loveliness, brings back upon his heart the familiar faces and voices that blessed his childhood—the mother loved and lost, the playmate brother, the little dependant sister, the peace, the innocence now gone perhaps forever! How undervalued then! and now, how prized!

'Tis twenty years, which do *not* seem as yesterday, but rather to belong to some former state of existence; for the wear and waste of thought, of feeling, have given them a length that might have belonged to a patriarch's life—'tis twenty years since I left the green pastures and musical brooks where my youth had been spent. A dark gulf rolls between that time and the present, making the former appear like a vision of Eden, seen before we opened our eyes on this dim, lower world. I came to them again, and as long buried thoughts rose up before me I trembled, as though I witnessed the resurrection of the slumberers of the grave. It is these sudden reminiscences of an age when our sensations are unmasked and unattended to that force upon our minds, the strange and mystical idea that our "life's star has had elsewhere its setting." The sudden memory of long forgotten joys, of some sweet smile, some delicious voice, some day of ineffable brightness and beauty, or star-light of surpassing splendor. What are they but the recollections of the first

fleeting flashes of delight that awakened in us a consciousness of intellectual existence? Though I had pined during so many years, for a sight of the blue waters that rolled by my father's dwelling, it was not till yesterday that accident afforded me leisure and opportunity to gratify the longing of my heart; but the chillness of disappointment checked its tumultuous beatings, and froze the tears that had sprung to my eyes, as I inhaled the breeze, laden with the fragrance of the pine. Where were the traces of my home? Had an earthquake swallowed up all I had loved? Or was I the sport of some mocking dream? It was strange that I had not anticipated the changes which time would make during twenty years. Alas! time would have softened not effaced the scene. My father's house was gone—a lumber-yard occupied its place; timber and saw dust covered the ground that I had last seen decorated with the snow-drop and violet. My favorite walk by the river side was obliterated; a huge steam mill overspread the scene of all my boyhood's pleasures. I hurried from the hateful sight, and sought a neighboring oak, under whose shade I used to forget the past and present, and people the future with the creations of my dreams; for in those days the "huge brazen clasps" of the "Book of Faeryland" gave way at a touch, and brought before my eyes visions that continue still to haunt the "chambers of imagery." I had then a passion for tales and songs of chivalry; no kind of literature takes so strong a hold on the mind of youth. Even the most matter-of-fact among us must recollect, with a smile, the time when, in spite of Cervantes, a life passed alternately in deeds of daring, redressing wrongs by a magnanimous contempt of life, and halls of pride, possessed more charms to his imagination than the plodding toils of the scholar, the lawyer or the legislator. All have had these reveries, wherein were pictured knights in armor, gallant steeds, the one right arm strong against many foes; and the moving spirit of the scene, the 'lady love' whose smile was the meed of years of wandering and danger. This taste is almost wholly nourished by the Tales and Ballads of Spain. There is a pomp, and grandeur, and heroic dignity about them that is not so exclusively found in the German and English chivalric legends; for the former present us with so many images of horror—cold corpses coming to claim a living bride, and beings of another world mingling in the festivities of this, that, after the first excitement is over, we are glad to dismiss all recollections of inhabitants of the charnel; and our familiarity with many of the customs of domestic life alluded to

in the English, may account for our insensibility to their peculiar beauty till the taste is more matured. It is in after life that we remark the more touching features of a fine landscape to which we have been accustomed in childhood. But the Romances of Spain! What a brilliant panorama rises up at the bare mention of them. Granada, with her palaces—the matchless Alhambra, the Albayzin, and the Red Towers that fiercely reflect back the sunbeams—the glitter of spears and lances—Beauty leaning from her high balcony to mark the prowess of him in whose breast Love was hardly second to Religion, the proud defying looks of the Zegries and Abencerrages—the Rio Verde, stained with blood of Moor and Christian. How vividly the eidolon glows! Alas! we form these pictures before the sordid contracting cares of life darken our minds, even as those thick clouds of smoke blackened the spot where my day-dreams were cherished as a treasure, which none could give nor take away; yet the ignoble toils for subsistence have not effaced them; the very thought of my ancient, my almost venerated oak re-called them in all their pristine vivacity. But my old oak lived in memory only; the root alone remained—the rest was floating in the deep, the timbers of some “great Admiral.” Wherever I went, I found the same encroachments of business and utility on solitude and loveliness; pastures and gardens had made way for rope-walks and iron-foundries. I could hardly keep my hands off a thriving old landholder, who, on recognizing me, enquired if I did not think the place wonderfully improved! Almost despairing of finding anything as I had left it, I bent my steps towards the seat of a gentleman of fortune in the neighborhood, expecting there too to see how relentlessly improvement’s

“Effacing fingers
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers.”

But no change had taken place *there*—the blue Ashley slept tranquilly in the sunshine—its waters turned no mill—the breezes that cooled my brow were fresh and pure as those which had fanned it twenty years ago. There grew the olive with its pale gray leaves—the orange with its golden fruit glowing in the dark shining foliage—the myrtle—the oleander—all held their places; but a wilder luxuriance of vegetation showed that the pruning-knife and axe had not been seen among them for many a summer; young trees had shot up, the branches of the old ones, spreading out on all sides, formed

bowers of inimitable beauty, where the mocking-bird and thrush held their ceaseless carols; the ground was strewed with fruit that might have belonged to the garden of the Hesperides. The deep repose of the scene sank into my heart; there was a melancholy cause for all this neglect and loneliness; the owner had quitted it never more to return, but still held it precious and dear for the sake of the loved being who had embellished it by her presence, and hallowed it by her death. A young and impassioned lover had decorated this sylvan abode for his bride, and hailed her with transport as mistress of all—but ere the moon waned which saw Clarissa a wife, the husband wept in passionate anguish over her coffin! “Ye who e’er lost an angel, pity him!” Clarissa was one of those beings whom the simple-hearted pronounce, in the fulness of their admiration, to be too good for this world; and she was removed from it before its withering influence had disturbed the serenity of her guileless heart. The Lea was deserted—the owner sought forgetfulness in foreign travels, but his last orders were to leave untouched the home that had seen the dawn and close of his happiness. I lingered till twilight in a place so rich in recollections; and it was not till the voice of the boatmen on the water reminded me that it was time to return to C. that I could tear myself away. I hailed them, and soon saw nothing but the bright stars reflected from the bosom of the river. The wild monotonous song of the rowers did not interrupt the thoughts that the day had suggested. Let travellers talk of the waste and desolation of the Campagna—of the impending fate of the Eternal City—does it affect one half so much as the destruction of his mother’s garden? Was the grief of the father soothed by being told of fine cities lying in ruins? Our individual sorrows are more to us than the overthrow of an empire. I am at home now, but my attention wanders from my dull toil to my yesterday’s excursion; and spite of the desecration of my home, I find myself wishing for the wings of a dove, that I might flee away to it and be at rest.

H. D.

TO APOLLO.

BRIGHT-haired Apollo—thou who ever art
A blessing to the world—whose mighty heart
Forever pours out love, and light, and life ;—
Thou, at whose glance all things of earth are rife
With happiness—to whom, in early spring,
Bright flowers raise their heads, if they may cling
Upon the mountain side, or in the vale
Are nestled calmly ;—thou, at whom the pale
And weary earth looks up, when winter flees,
With patient gaze ;—thou, for whom wind-stripped trees
Put on fresh leaves, and drink deep of the light
That glitters in thine eye ;—thou, in whose bright
And hottest rays the eagle fills his eye
With quenchless light, and far, far up on high
Screams out his joy to thee ;—by all the names
That thou dost bear—whether thy godhead claims
Phœbus, or Sol, or golden-haired Apollo,
Cynthian, or Pythian—if thou now dost follow
The fleeing night, O hear
Our hymn to thee, and smilingly draw near.

O most high poet !—thou whose great heart's swell
Pours itself out on mountain and deep dell ;—
Thou who dost touch them with thy golden feet,
And make them for a poet's song most sweet ;—
Thou who dost make the poet's eye perceive
Great beauty everywhere—in the slow heave
Of the unquiet sea, or in the roar
Of its unnumbered waters, on the shore
Of pleasant streams, and on the jagged clift
Of savage mountain, where the black clouds drift
Full of strange lightning, or upon the brow
Of silent night, that solemnly and slow
Comes on the earth—O thou whose influence
Touches all things with beauty, makes each sense
Double delight, tinging with thine own heart
Each thing thou meetest ;—thou who ever art
Living on beauty, nay, who art in truth
Beauty embodied—hear while all our youth
With earnest calling cry—
Answer our hymn and come to us, most high.

O thou ! who strikest oft thy golden lyre
In strange disguise, and with a wondrous fire
Sweepest its strings upon the sunny glade,
And dances to thee many a village maid,
Decking her hair with wild flowers, or a wreath
Of thine own laurel, while reclined beneath
Some ancient oak, with smiles at thy good heart,

Thou lookest on them, in the darkening wood,
 And fawns come forth, and with their dances rude,
 Glance round among the trees with merry leap,
 Like their god Pan; and from fir thickets deep
 Come up the Satyrs, joining the wild crew,
 And dancing for thy pleasure; from each yew,
 And oak, and fir, the wood-nymphs oft look out
 To see the revelry, while merry shout,
 And noisy laughter rings about the wood,
 And thy lyre cheers the darkened solitude—

O come while we do sound
 Our flutes and pleasant pealing lyres around.

O most high prophet!—thou that showest men
 Deep hidden knowledge;—thou that from its den
 Bringest futurity, making it come by
 In visible shape, and pass before the eye
 Shrouded in visions;—thou, in whose high power
 Are health and sickness;—thou who oft dost shower
 Great plagues upon the nations, with hot breath
 Scorching away their souls, and sending death,
 Like fiery mist, before them; or again,
 Like the sweet breath that comes with summer rain,
 Touching the soul with joy, thou sendest out
 Bright health among the people—who about
 With dewy feet and fanning wings doth step,
 And touch each poor, pale cheek with startling lip,
 Filing it with rich blood that leaps anew
 Out from the shrivelled heart, and courses through
 The long forsaken veins—O thou! whose name
 Is sung by all—let us too dare to claim
 Thy simple presence here—

Hear us, high god! and come in beauty near.

O thou, the lover of the springing bow,
 Who ever in the gloomy woods dost throw
 Thine arrows to the mark, like the keen flight
 Of those thine arrows, that with midday light
 Thou pointest;—thou, from whom grim bears
 And lordly lions flee, with strange wild fears,
 And hide among the mountains;—thou whose cry
 Sounds often in the woods, when whirl and fly
 The time-worn leaves—when, with a merry strain,
 Bacchus is on the hills; and on the plain
 The full-armed Ceres—when, upon the sea
 The brine gods sound their horns, and merrily
 The whole earth rings with pleasure—then thy voice
 Stills into silence every stirring noise,
 With utmost sweetness ringing on the hills,
 And with the pealing of the dancing rills,
 And o'er the sea, and on the busy plain,
 And on the air, until all voices wane.

Before its influence—

O come, great god! be ever our defence.

By that most gloomy day, when with a cry
 Young Hyacinth fell down, and his black eye
 Was filled with dimming blood—when, on a bed
 Of his own flowers, he laid his wounded head
 And breathed deep sighs : by those heart-cherished eyes
 Of long loved Hyacinth—by all the sighs
 That thou, O young Apollo, then didst pour
 On every gloomy hill and desolate shore,—
 Weeping at thy great soul, and making dull
 Thy ever quenchless eye, till men were full
 Of strange forebodings for thy lustre dimmed,
 And many a chant in many a fane was hymned
 Unto the pale-eyed sun—the Satyrs stayed
 Long time in the dull woods, then on the glade
 They came and looked for thee ; and all in vain
 Poor Dian sought for love, and did complain
 For want of light and life—By all thy grief,
 O bright Apollo ! hear and give relief

To all who cry to thee—

O come ! and let us now thy glory see.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WALKING.

DEAR Reader, what kind of gait do you use ? I would I knew, so I might show my affection for you by analyzing it. I say my affection—for I love one who sits as you do, and hears quietly what I whisper in your ear.

I say the philosophy of walking—perhaps I should have said the *Epicurism* of it ; but as the former is at the head, there it shall stand, propriety to the contrary, notwithstanding. But what sort of gait do you use ? See if I describe you by and by. I hold that there is as much Epicurism in the matter of walking as in that of eating. I hold that there is as much taste in this matter as in poetry. I am always exceedingly observant of the manner in which those around me walk about. I have become fastidious in this matter at last, and there are but few people in the world who suit me. I think it is as fine a study as that of the mind, in a cool evening, at an open window, with a cigar, to watch the difference in movement of all who chance to pass. Nothing pleases me so much now as to see some one pass in a way that suits my ideas of taste ; and as I am too idle to dwell of an evening among the angels of our world, the only pleasure which I

desire from them, is the glow I feel at heart when one steps by me with a motion which I like—it is the same kind of pleasure which I receive from a sudden thought in poetry, or a touching bar in music—and, when it is joined with a beautiful form and countenance, it dwells with me awhile like the remembrance of a beautiful dream. I was struck so the other night—I was just going homeward, at twilight, when, raising my head, I saw a sunny face and beautiful form close to me, with a motion like a sailing swan. I shall never forget it.

But to be brief—there are a thousand different ways of getting along in the world. Look, dear Reader—here is one coming up—he is your man of method; he has never, to my sure knowledge, turned his head to the one side or the other—in public, I mean—for these ten years; or altered his pace of going for a single moment during the same time. He has no taste; he is a good, upright, positive kind of man—but as to the luxury and Epicurism of walking, he knows nothing about it—just nothing at all. I cannot bear this way of going through the world methodically. I like your man of quips and cranks. I do abhor the dignified gravity of a white bear or a Greenland seal. No; I'll none of them.

Then there is your man who goes driving onward as if in the chase or the pursuit—he has no taste. What luxury does a man enjoy who drives through a book of poetry at the rate of a hundred pages an hour? Why, he does not take time to enjoy himself on his way. I would as soon be drawn in a pleasant spring morning by a team of rein-deer. Just think of going through the sunshine, and breezes, and dew drops of a morning, at twenty miles an hour. I have walked with such people, but I would not do it now for a slight recompense. Who would walk fast at noon in the shade, or at night in the moon-shine?

There is your man who walks about as if he were afraid of people—quick and restlessly—troubled with the disposal of his hands—now, thrusting them into his pockets—now, pushing up his hat, or holding by the collar of his coat—looking to either side of the road through mere awkwardness. I have seen many such people, and those too who ought to know better. I have one in my eye now—and a good fellow too as ever stepped upon a pavement—and yet put him in a city and you shall take him for some rustic. He never enjoyed a walk in his life, unless he chanced to be alone, and where no one could see him. He has a good taste, notwithstanding,

and I think might walk about handsomely if he possessed a little more of moral courage. I think he will improve by and by. I have put him under the hands of my friend, of whom we have talked before.

Then there is your man who steps about with an air of superiority. What a pity it is that most men do not know how to appear proud or vain to advantage. I have one of these gentry in my eye now—he is a little man, and he walks about with an air of dignity which appears as ridiculous in him as it would in a turkey. I make no doubt though, that he supposes his gait and appearance to be quite in taste and *a la Turque*. He has no idea of luxury in walking—not he; nor any taste. There is nothing that requires so much taste as the showing of superiority.

Then there is your man who walks struttingly, and with head elevated like some new recruit, with a tremendous stock to stiffen his neck; or like the left hand man in Johnson's militia muster. He is a perfect Vandal in the matter of taste. He is like a tailor inditing an epic with a starched collar; not a whit of taste has he; and there is no luxury to him in walking.

Then there is your man of size and grossness. He walks the earth like a tun of ale—shaking the very pavements. He appears to enjoy himself well—but there is no more tact displayed in his walking than in his eating; and he would tell you, were you to ask him—he would tell you that he was never made to walk—no, the stage-coach was made for him; for let him be never so lazy, he can never arrive at the *ultima Thule* of perfection in walking. He is a mere Dutch tub, set upon legs and making way in a calm. The paviours as he passes, exclaim—"God bless you, Sir."

There is your man who walks with long, sober strides, like a Scotch Covenanter, surprising you like a sudden movement in an automaton, by jumping, with an awkward spring, over every kennel or other impediment. I have a friend of that stamp; he is an immensely tall fellow, and he jumps over impediments to avoid stepping over them awkwardly. There is no luxury in walking when one supposes himself always making some awkward step or motion.

I have an acquaintance who turns his toes in, and gets along with all the grace and equability of motion of a land tortoise. You will see him toddling about any time in the year with his hands in his pockets. I have seen him dance too; he would have thrown the Graces into convulsions;

alas for him! He can never walk as a man should walk; he will always get along like a lobster, only with but half the grace.

There is your sailor too—you see him at all times. There is a joviality about that roll of his that goes to the heart; but he makes no pretensions to grace. I like the fun of that gait though—it tells of a thousand tales of humor.

There is your *oldish* man who buckles at the knee, and sports his black silk stockings, and comes down upon the earth with a foot that lifts and falls at the end as flat, and as large, and as well managed as a square foot of deal board. I hate machinery.

Here is one man goes with his hands behind him—under the heading of stationary. Another swings his by his side like a couple of pendulums. I have seen him sweat in the coldest days. I suspect he will demonstrate by and by the theorem that violent exercise produces heat. But there is my friend—you must see him some odd day—he of the Roman nose and sparkling eye. He is the very *Eldorado* of taste and Epicurism in the matter of walking. I cannot touch him yet. Come and see me, dear Reader, and you shall observe him. You will see him a finely formed person, perhaps a little below the common height; and dressed with excessive taste. You shall see him when he walks alone. He will seldom walk with me; I am taller than he, and he says that he does not appear to so much advantage. But he is exceedingly modest. There is that indescribable something about him—that ease and negligence that confers splendor upon the appearance in every place. I think he enjoys walking.

I have a regular gait—it is a long step that enables a person to walk very lazily, and still pass over the ground exceedingly fast. There are thousands of people who get about with short steps in such a way that they ever seem to be in great haste. I do not remember that I have been in a hurry these ten years. I would as soon think of hurrying over a glass “with beaded bubbles winking at the brim,” and that, high treason as it is, foul traitor as he is, who pours down his glass of the cool vintage at one draught, as though he were an oyster taking in his salt water. That I have seen done—yea, and even though I peril my veracity in asserting it, by a man of sense. He never drank with me again.

I had a friend once who walked with me of a star-light evening. He walked, and made me walk our mile and a half in less than an hour. Stewart, the pedestrian, was nothing

to him. I cut him dead as a walking friend—he takes three steps to my one, and gets over the ground like a chamois hunter. My dear Readers, I beg of you never to be in a hurry, especially of a star-lighted night. The stars were not made to run away from—no; if you desire to get through the world in luxury and pleasure, never hurry yourself.

Newburyport.

A. P.

DEAR EDITOR—I found a rare prize the other day—a lady's *Original Scrap-Book of Poetry*;—"Think of that, Master Brook!" And, thinking an extract or two from it would be acceptable to your readers, I have copied out the following ingenious allegory (which combines wit and good poetry in no inconsiderable degree) for your August number.

Yours,

O***.

ENNUI.

AVAUNT! thou busy, restless thing,
Hiding the light of day;
Hanging thy dark, ill-omened wing,
A curtain o'er my way:
Thou intercept'st each ray of light,
And rob'st me in a veil of night!

Intent on mischief thou art found,
Barbing e'en Sorrow's dart,
Or weaving potent fetters round
Gay Pleasure's bounding heart:
Each struggle that thy victims make
Rivets the links they cannot break.

For persons no respect hast thou—
Rank can no favor gain;
To thee the greatest, loveliest bow,
Wealth offers bribes in vain,
For thou canst pierce the jewelled vest
That glitters o'er the Monarch's breast;

Canst rudely wake the Poet's dream,
Or Student's volume close,
Intruding on the Miser's scheme,
Worst of the Victor's foes.
Thou wanderest through the Senate-hall,
And Eloquence itself will pall.

Thou hover'st o'er the Preacher's head,
 Unheard his accents flow ;
 The spell that bound his hearers fled,
 Unknown the subtle foe
 Who dares profanely mingle there,
 Chilling the influences of Prayer.

Thy presence mars the gayest scene,
 And dims the brightest eye,
 Stealing from Love his torch, I ween !
 From Music, melody ;
 From Beauty canst expression chase,
 And break the charm of faultless grace.

Yet unconfined within the bower,
 Thou rangest earth and air
 To rob the perfume from the flower,
 And crush the dew-drops there ;
 Beside the good thou'rt found by stealth,
 Joining the chase for truant health.

Thou skimkest o'er the ocean waves,
 But keep'st their treasures sealed ;
 Their golden sands and coral caves
 Faintly and dim revealed ;
 Thou seem'st a veil of mist to throw
 O'er heaven above and earth below—

Hiding the brilliant eyes of night
 Which sparkle in the sky—
 Clouding the silver belt of light
 That marks their track on high—
 Brushing the rainbow's tints away,
 Or hues that in the prison play.

Thou dost each Protean form assume,
 Yet art in all the same—
 The same in sunshine and in gloom,
 Though 'neath a different name.
 Invisibly thou glid'st along,
 Forging thy noiseless fetters strong.

Ye Genii, Fairies, Wizards tell !
 Is there no chain to bind
 This little Imp of purpose fell—
 This incubus of mind ?
 RELIGION is the enchanter's wand,
 And OCCUPATION is the band !

C—ge.

SUB ROSA.

SCRIBBLINGS.

MIND is matter (Materialism is a hobby I *have* ridden.) All matter may be dissolved by heat, (*vide* Dr. Hare's blow-pipe) and that, I take it, accounts for the habit of digression one falls into in the summer solstice.

Was it Aristotle who made the distinction?—

"Beasts and babies *remember*, i. e. recognize ; man alone *recollects*."

And since we are splitting hairs, a passage of Plato springs in my memory (it is one of the few things I can gather from the detestable lumber with which my cerebellum was benumbed and smothered by a certain Professor Snufflegreek) running *Anglicé* thus :—

"Knowledge is but remembrance. Intellectual acquisition is but reminiscential evocation, and *new impressions but the coloring of old stamps which stood pale in the soul before.*"

It is a pretty figure, any way. Some ingenious fellow (I have recorded his wit, but not his name) proposes three ways of lessening the number of rats. It should be printed as a note in the "Life of Whittington and his cat."

"I. Introduce them at table as a delicacy. They would probably be savory food ; and if nature hath not made them so, the cook may. Rat pie would be as good as rook pie ; and four tails intertwined like the serpents of the delphic tripod, and rising into a spiral obelisk, would crest the crust more fantastically than pigeon's feet. After a while they might be declared *game* by the legislature, which would materially expedite their extirpation.

"II. Make use of their fur. Rat-skin robes for the ladies would be beautiful, warm, costly and new. Fashion requires only the two last qualities ; it is hoped the two former would not be objectionable. The importance of such a fashion to our farmers ought to have its weight.

"III. Inoculate some subjects with the small-pox, or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose. Experiments should first be made, lest the disease should assume in them so new a form as to be capable of being returned to us with interest. If it succeeded, man has means in his hand which would thin the hyenas, wolves, jackals, and all gregarious beasts of prey."

Some years ago I read an account of an experiment made by some philosophers upon the musical taste of a menagerie. They ordered a band of music for the elephants and lions. I have since seen an account written by John Wesley, a more credible historian, of a similar experiment. It is extracted and commented on thus by a late writer :—

“ ‘I thought (says he) it would be worth while to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try whether this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the Tower with one who plays on the German flute ; he began playing near four or five lions ; only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention. Meantime a tiger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion’s back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any principle of mechanism ? Can we account for it at all ?’ Where is the mystery ? Animals are affected by music just as men are who know nothing of the theory ; and, like men, some have musical ears and some have not. One dog will howl at a flute or trumpet, while another is perfectly indifferent to it. This howling is probably not the effect of pain, as the animal shows no mark of displeasure ; he seems to mean it as a vocal accompaniment.

“ Sir William Jones relates some remarkable instances of the effect of music upon animals, which has certainly been known from time immemorial ; the tales of Orpheus would not else have existed. The fact is applied to good purpose by the eastern snake-catchers ; and perhaps the story of the piper of Hammel is but an exaggerated account of some musical rat-catcher. Beasts of prey are less likely to be affected by it than such as live *upon the alarm*, and have consequently a quicker and finer sense of hearing.”

And talking of animals, did you ever notice how a dog makes a syllogism ? In an odd metaphysical book, little known, I find this notice of it :—

“ A dog loses sight of his master, and follows him by scent till the road branches into three ; he smells at the first, and at the second, and then, without smelling further, gallops along the third. That animals should be found to possess in perfection every faculty which is necessary for their well-being, is nothing wonderful—the wonder would be if they did not ; but they sometimes display a reach of intellect beyond this. For instance—dogs have a sense of time so as to count the days of the week. My grandfather had one who trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well authenticated example :—A dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon a Friday ; the Irishman had made him as good a Catholic as he was himself. This dog never forsook the sick bed of his last master, and when he was dead refused to eat, and died also.

“ A dog of my acquaintance found a bitch in the streets who had lost her master, and was ready to whelp ; he brought her home, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her, which it may be supposed he was not suffered to want, during her confinement. For his gallantry his name deserves to be mentioned,—it was Pincher. Some of his other acquaintance may remember him. Whenever Pincher saw a trunk packing up in the house, he absconded for the next four-and-twenty hours. He was of opinion that home was the best place.”

In the library of the Liverpool Athenæum, says some new book I have met lately, is a book in French, printed for the

use of the blind. The letters, which are very large, are raised Cameo-like, so as to be distinguished, it is supposed, by a practised touch. This is ingenious, and would be a valuable discovery if we did not remember that a blind man who could afford to purchase a book like this, could hire also a person to read to him. There is a passage in Thevenot's Travels, which is curious on this subject:—

“At Ispahan I saw one of those princes at his house, whose eyes had been plucked out. He is a very learned man, especially in the mathematics, of which he has books always read to him; and as to astronomy and astrology, he has the calculations read unto him, and writes them very quickly with the point of his finger, having wax, which he prepares himself, like small twine, less than ordinary pack-thread, and this wax he lays upon a large board or plank of wood, such as scholars make use of in some places, that they may not spoil paper when they learn to design or write; and with this wax which he so applies he forms very true letters, and makes great calculations; and then with his finger's end he casts up all that he has set down, performing multiplication, division, and all astronomical calculations very exactly.”

In these broiling days I keep one degree of Fahrenheit cooler, by remembering and repeating cool descriptions in poetry, and theories of frost, and such like refrigeratory subjects. One is more refreshed, I maintain, by pondering on the freezing of the veracious Mendez Pinto's sentences visibly on the wall as he talked to his Polar mistress, than by reading how the brains of the Knight of La Mancha fried in his scull. Peruse this little description of the ventilation of a Spanish town, and after, pull up your waistband and ask yourself if you are not cooler:—

“The town of Montalvan, in Arragon, is ventilated in a very simple manner. It stands in a deep valley, surrounded with mountains, and is exposed to excessive heat. Much wine is made in the neighborhood, and every house has its cellar underneath, dug to a great and unusual depth, because of the hot situation. Every cellar has its vent-hole to the street, and from each of them a stream of cold air continually issues out, and cools the town. There is no doubt that this advantage was not foreseen. Might it not be usefully imitated in all hot countries?”

“The inhabitants used to say, that wine when drank fresh from these cellars never intoxicated. The reason they assigned was, that it was so cold as to compress the vapors in the stomach, which were thus tempered when they ascended to the brain, instead of being in a burning state. The weakness of the wine is a more obvious solution than the excellence of the cellar; though, undoubtedly, hot liquors intoxicate sooner than cold.

“This account of Montalvan is as it was two centuries ago; but things have undergone so little alteration in Spain, that it probably may still be accurate.

“Burnet, (the Bishop) describes something of the same kind at Chavennes. The town stands at the very foot of the mountains. ‘At the roots

of the mountains they dig great cellars and grottos, and strike a hole about a foot square, ten or twelve feet into the hill, which all the summer long blows a fresh air into the cellar, so that the wine in those cellars drinks almost as cold as if it were in ice. But this wind-pipe did not blow when I was there, which was toward the end of September; for the sun opening the pores of the earth and rarifying the exterior air, that which is compressed within the cavities that are in the mountains, rushes out with a constant wind; but when the operation of the sun is weakened, this course of the air is less sensible. Before, or over those vaults they build little pleasant houses like summer houses, and in them they go to collation generally at night, in summer.' ”

By a very natural contradiction one thinks of mosquitoes in talking of cool nights, and that reminds me of a theory I have seen somewhere, rather Baron-Munchausen-ish, but still possible, for a fair deliverance from these vampyres. The writer says :—

“The plague of flies is of all plagues the most intolerable. Settlements and cities have been deserted in consequence of it. The musquito, which is of all the race the most noxious, breeds in the water. Might it not be possible at the seasons when they emerge, and when they deposit their eggs upon the surface, to diminish their numbers by pouring oil upon great standing waters and large rivers, in those places which are most infested by them?”

It is a little akin to the Dutch enterprise attempted some years since, of putting a grapnel upon an ice island in the Northern seas, and towing it to the West Indies, but who would have even the most ridiculous theory smothered in the mind of the projector? Let them fly that have wings. If they come to the ground it will at least amuse us to laugh at them. What is more diverting for instance, than the confidence with which M. Labat promulgates his cure for the *coup de soleil*?—

“‘I have forgotten to notice in the body of my work,’ says he, in one of his prefaces, ‘an infallible and easy remedy for those *Strokes of the Sun*, which are so dangerous, especially since both men and women have thought proper to go bare-headed, for fear of deranging the economy of their hair. *Messrs. les Medecins*, of whose number I have not the honor to be, will, I hope, pardon me this little infringement upon their rights. Here is the remedy. When a person is struck with the sun, he must as soon as possible point out with his finger the place where he feels the most acute pain; the hair must then be shaved there, and a bottle of cold water applied to it, so dexterously inserted upon the place as not to run out, the bottle being nearly full. Thus it must be held till the water begins to bubble and toss as if it were upon a fire; and then a fresh bottle is to be promptly substituted from time to time, till the water ceases to contract any heat, when the patient will be entirely cured, and out of all danger. This remedy is simple and easy, and the reader may be assured that its efficacy has been repeatedly proved.’ ”

There is nothing in this "hard gingerbread" world I so much admire, as the hallucination of a thorough-going, fact-despising enthusiast. We would as lief have such a fancy as to be gifted with the gold-converting fingers of Midas. Why not? "God's universe," says Richter, "is *within* the head, whether a torn scull-cap or a king's diadem be *without*." Was not M. Labat, in his own mind, the discoverer of an immortal specific? And is not that shadow, to all intents and purposes, as good to him as the substance? The hypochondriac in the story who imagined himself a peppercorn, and trembled lest he should be gobbled up by some stray fowl, might as well have been one; and my pleasant friend Lascelles, who in July plays with a loss at the *white* ball in billiards, because it looks cooler than the *red*, is as blest as if his retina were a magic refrigerator, graduated by the intensity of colors. It is a useful fact to acquaint one's self withal, that we are never miserable because circumstances will have it so—that the hag-phantom that rides us is the work of our own fingers—and that if our heart is dark, it is because we have closed the shutters with our own hands, and forbidden the everlasting light about us to enter. What a rare fellow must the lunatic have been who persuaded himself that the world was mad and he alone in his senses! What a beautiful faculty, better than wings, could one believe himself where and what he listed! Who would care then for the ring of Gyges, or the philosopher's stone? who, for the mare of Tam O Shanter, or a house *a la* Chapel of Loretto?

An agreeable modern writer, falling into the fashionable habit of digression in one of his graver books, gives us a pleasant passage on dancing—to be sure, rather a malaprop idea for this warm month, but done, nevertheless, with so cool a vein of quietness that the sin of introducing it may be looked upon as venial:—

"Vestris used to say there were but three great men in Europe—Voltaire, the king of Prussia, and himself. It is a proof of greatness in this *Dieu de la Dance*, as he called himself, that he admitted the co-equality of the two former, allowed the head to be worthy of reputation as well as the heels, and thought the evolutions of a battle might be performed in as masterly a manner as those of a dance. How must he have admired those courts where there was a royal professor of dancing! Philip IV. of Spain conferred this dignity upon Antonio Almenda, his own preceptor in the gentle art; for surely if shoe-making be called, in honorable distinction from all other trades, the gentle craft, dancing is in like manner entitled to be distinguished from all other arts. Almenda, like the druids and philosophers, communicated his mysteries only by oral precept; they were reduced to writing by his disciple Juan de Esquivel Navarro, of Seville. His work is entitled *Discurso sobre el arte del Danzado y sus*

excellencias y primer origen, reprobando las acciones deshonestas. Sevilla, 1642. I know not whether there be any earlier treatise upon the art.

"Whether Philip profited by the lessons of his royal professor it would be in vain to enquire. He made many false steps in politics, whatever he may have done in the saloon; and however Almenda may have instructed him to carry himself, Olivares prevented him from walking uprightly through the world.

"Some celebrity a prince may acquire by dancing. *Oh, mine Gott!* an old German used to say, who remembered the last Duke of York upon his travels—*Oh, mine Gott! de Duke of York vas de mose accomplish gentleman dat ever I did see at dance a de minnuett!* He never went into a ball room without regretting the Duke of York, and sighing for the inferiority of all who attempted to *dance a de minnuett* after him. The Duke's fame has probably died with this old German. There is something melancholy in calling to mind the barren accomplishments of the dead, even more so than in remembering beauty which is faded. In all the operations of nature there is a view to the future; it should be so with the actions of man, and those pursuits which have no other aim beyond mere present gratification, are unworthy of him. I subscribe, therefore, to the prohibition of the Quakers against music and dancing, were it only upon the ground that they cannot "leave a joy for memory." This is somewhat too serious a strain to be introduced by Vestris, the royal professor, and the Duke of York; but they who understand the process of the associations of thought may see how I have slipt into this moralizing mood, by writing slowly, idly, and letting thought ramble on. If further exemplification be needful, go and read Montaigne."

I like the story, but object to the moral. Give up music and dancing?—It is the very thing which staggers my faith in a broad brim. I were a Quaker else. I had been sitting at this moment in the silent congregation were it not for that. Dancing! why, it is connected with the very hair-springs of the soul. Who does not know that the grace of the body and the mind are one and indivisible? Who that watches with affection the stars hanging up over Göttingen, does not believe that the germ of grace (*irreligiösé*) sprouts as well in the heels as in the fancy. A man who can construct a graceful period, can turn, with practice, a graceful pirouette, and he who cannot do the one, can, no more than fly, do the other. Show me an ungraceful woman, and I will show you a dull fancy. Show me an awkward man, intrinsically and naturally awkward, and I will show you one who could not turn a verse handsomely for his salvation. Besides, learning to dance is but unlearning one's self back to nature, and nature, whatever may be the artificiality of *real* life, is the hobby at least of the *ideal*. Every child, that is not a palpable clod, is graceful, and grown people are only so often ungraceful because they have contracted a bashful stiffness and have never been to a dancing master to have it remedied. There is a singular argument against this amusement in the History of

the Albigenses and Waldenses, translated from the French of Jean Paul Perrin, by Samson Lennard :—

“A dance is the Devill’s procession ; and he that entreth into a dance, entreth into his possession : the Devill is the guide, the middle and the end of the dance. As many paces as a man maketh in dancing, so many paces doth he make to goe to Hell. A man sinneth in dancing divers wayes ; as in his pace, for all his steps are numbred ; in his touch, in his ornaments, in his hearing, sight, speech, and other vanities. And therefore we will prove, first by Scripture, and afterwards by divers other reasons, how wicked a thing it is to dance. The first testimony that we will produce, is that which we reade in the Gospell, Mark 6, it pleased Herod so well that it cost John the Baptist his life. The second is in Exodus 32, when Moses coming neere to the congregation saw the Calfe, he cast the Tables from him, and brake them at the foote of the mountaine, and afterwards it cost three and twenty thousand their lives. Besides, the ornaments which women weare in their dances are as crownes for many victories which the Devill hath gotten against the children of God ; for the Devill hath not onely one sword in the dance, but as many as there are beautifull and well-adorned persons in the dance ; for the words of a woman are a glittering sword, and therefore that place is much to be feared wherein the enemy hath so many swords, since that one onely sword of his may be feared. Againe, the Devill in this place strikes with a sharpened sword, for the women come not willingly to the dance, if they be not painted and adorned, the which painting and ornament is as a grindstone upon which the Devill sharpeneth his sword. They that decke and adorne their daughters are like those that put dry wood to the fire to the end it may burne the better, for such women kindle the fire of luxury in the hearts of men : as Sampson’s foxes fired the Philistines’ corne, so these women they have fire in their faces, and in their gestures and actions, their glances and wanton words, by which they consume the goods of men. Againe, the Devill in the dance useth the strongest armor that he hath, for his most powerfull armes are women ; which is made plaine unto us, in that the Devill made choice of the woman to deceive the first man ; so did Balaam, that the children of Israel might be rejected ; by a woman he made Sampson, David and Absalom to sinne. The Devill tempteth men by women three manner of wayes, that is to say, by the touch, by the eye, by the eare ; by these three means he tempteth foolish men to dancings—by touching their hands, beholding their beauty, hearing their songs and musicke. Againe, they that dance breake that promise and agreement which they have made with God in Baptisme, when their Godfathers promise for them that they shall renounce the Devill and all his pompe, for dancing is the pompe of the Devill, and he that danceth, maintaineth his pompe, and singeth his Masse. For the woman that singeth in the dance is the Prioress of the Devill, and those that answere are the clerks, and the beholders are the parishioners, and the musicke are the bells, and the fiders the ministers of the Devill. For as when hogges are strayed, if the hog-heard call one, all assemble themselves together, so the Devil causeth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some instrument, and presently all the dancers gather together. Againe, in a dance a man breakes the Ten Commandments of God, as first—Thou shalt have no other gods but me ; for in dancing a man serves that person whom he most desires to serve, and therefore, saith St. Jerom, every man’s God is that he loves and serves best. He sinnes against the second

Commandment when he makes an idol of that he loves. Against the third, in that oaths are frequent amongst dancers. Against the fourth, for by dancing the Sabbath day is profaned. Against the fifth, for in the dance the parents are many times dishonored, when many bargaines are made without their counsell. Against the sixth, a man killes in dancing, for every one that standeth to please another, he kills the soule as oft as he perswadeth unto lust. Against the seventh, for the partie that danceth, be it male or female, committeth adultery with the partie they lust after, for he that looketh on a woman and lusteth after her, hath already committed adultery in his heart. Against the eighth Commandment a man sinnes in dancing, when he withdraweth the heart of another from God. Against the ninth, when in dancing he speakes falsely against the truth. Against the tenth, when women affect the ornaments of others, and men covet the wives, daughters and servants of their neighbors.

“Againe, a man may proove how great an evill dancing is, by the multitude of sinnes that accompany those that dance; for they dance without measure or number, and therefore, saith St. Augustine, the miserable dancer knows not, that as many paces as he makes in dancing, so many leapes he makes to Hell. They sinne in their ornaments after a five-fold manner—first, by being proud thereof; secondly, by inflaming the hearts of those that behold them; thirdly, when they make those ashamed that have not the like ornaments, giving them occasion to covet the like; fourthly, by making woman importunate in demanding the like ornaments of their husbands. And fiftly, when they cannot obtain them of their husbands, they seeke to get them elsewhere by sinne. They sinne by singing and playing on instruments, for their songs bewitch the hearts of those that heare them with temporall delight, forgetting God, uttering nothing in their songs but lies and vanities. And the very motion of the body which is used in dancing, gives testimony enough of evill.

“Thus you see that dancing is the Devill’s procession, and he that entreth into a dance, enters into the Devill’s possession. Of dancing the Devill is the guide, the middle and the end; and he that entreth a good and a wise man into the dance, commeth forth a corrupt and a wicked man.”

There is a book in the Spanish still more curious than this, and something in the same vein, called “*Las Quatrocientas*,” by Fray Luys d’ Escobar. It is principally a history of difficult philosophical and religious questions proposed to the Friar by the Spanish Admiral Fadrique Enriquez and other distinguished persons, and answered as clearly as could be expected from their nature and the wit of the oracle. The Admiral’s credence in the church led him to believe that the Friar could resolve every difficulty upon which his faith could stumble. Fray Luys, however, complains somewhat in his preface of the verses in which the questions were enclosed, and says that many of them were so badly versified that it cost him more trouble to mend than reply to them. The following account of the book is given in an amusing and rare volume upon Spanish Literature, a copy of which has accidentally strayed into my hands:—

"The first and second parts consist wholly of theological questions, in which the Friar took such delight, that he wished every body would come to him with such questions, for day and night, he said, would be well employed upon them. Sometimes, however, these questions puzzled him. A religioner sends to ask how many keys Christ gave to Peter, and he begins his answer by saying, he ought to prepare himself by a course of physic for such grave, sweet and savory questions.

"The main amusement of the Admiral's old age seems to have been in inventing questions for the Friar. Before I got up this morning, says he, I and Roca could not agree how many years David lived before Christ; we are now sitting at table awaiting your answer. Presently he asks, who was the first writer in the world; what became of the Ark of the Covenant at the first destruction of Jerusalem; whether God concealed it, or destroyed it; and if it was not destroyed, whether it would ever be found? The Friar replies, that the oldest writing in the world was the work of Jubal, who, having heard Adam prophesy that the world would be twice destroyed, once by water and once by fire, was very solicitous to know by which element it was to suffer first; but as Adam would not gratify his curiosity, he, to secure the art which he had invented in either case, inscribed his system of music upon two pillars, one of stone, the other of clay, the one being secure from fire, the other from water; and accordingly at this very day the stone pillar is remaining in the land called Sirida. The Ark and the Tabernacle were carried by Jeremiah to a stone cave in the mountain of Nob; where at his prayers the rock opened and closed upon these precious relics; and he fastened the entrance of the cave with a stone, and wrote upon the stone the holy Tetragrammaton with his finger; the letters, as he traced them, being miraculously imprinted in the stone. His companions wanted to make some mark whereby the place might be known, but as this was not the will of Heaven, they were rendered unable to find it again. It is, however, some where between the two mountains Hor and Nob, where Moses and Aaron were buried; but whether it will ever be discovered or not, the Friar cannot tell.

"When God made dresses for Adam and Eve, how did he get the skins of which those dresses were made, says my Lord the Admiral, observing that at that time no beasts had yet been killed. Why, replies the Friar, perhaps he made skins by themselves on purpose; or perhaps he did not actually clothe our first parents himself, but only gave them directions about the clothes. Which, says my Lord the Admiral, is most obliged to the other, the Virgin Mary to sinners, or sinners to the Virgin Mary; they to her for bringing forth their Redeemer, or she to them for having made a Redeemer necessary? Pinnacle of discretion, the Friar replies, wise among the wise,

*"Cumbre de la discrecion
de los discretos discreto.*

"When you went to quell the disturbances in Navarre, and procured the pardon of the guilty, if they had not been guilty you could not have obtained the honor of interceding for them; but are you indebted to them for their revolt, or they to you for your clemency? My Lord the Admiral wishes to know whether a babe in the womb has a guardian angel of his own, or if one guardian angel suffices for him and mother before he is born. The answer of the Friar is, that one is enough for both, as the gardener who takes care of an apple tree takes care of the apples upon it, and as he who has the charge of a damsel, has the charge of her honor also.

"Next comes a perilous question. The Friar has preached a sermon upon the Trinity, in which he has made the mystery appear so perfectly intelligible, that the Admiral is afraid he shall no longer have any merit in believing it, because he understands it so well. This occasions considerable discussion, for neither a first nor a second answer can persuade D. Fadrique that he has the same merit in believing the Trinity as he had when it was wholly incomprehensible. He now wishes to know whether the grief which our Lady felt at the Crucifixion was greater or less than her joy at the Resurrection. The wisdom of the question astonishes the Friar, who declares that he had never seen such a question in the writings of any Doctor of Theology. He gives reasons for both opinions; the Admiral desires to know which opinion is the most probable, and then Fray Luys says, her grief was the greatest, and that he can prove it by twelve reasons. Of course D. Fadrique wishes to hear these reasons, and the Friar then strings together twelve stanzas, much in the style of the *Siete Dolores*, or our own Christmas Carol of the Seven Good Joys—a relic of Catholicism which I have often heard in my youth.

"We have now a very long discussion upon Free Will, to which I thought there would be no end. The good Friar, who never loses an opportunity of giving good advice to the Admiral, or of paying him a handsome compliment, reminds him dexterously here of his exploit at Tordesillas. Notwithstanding this compliment, Fray Luys argues stoutly upon this knotty point; a friend of the Admiral interferes, and takes part with him against the Friar; the Friar, who grows very sore in the course of this long discussion of an endless subject, tells this person that he has fallen into a great blasphemy, and that he understands nothing at all about the matter, and he interdicts any further dispute with him about it. Notwithstanding this the Admiral goes on, till the poor Friar is obliged at last to tell him it is better to stop, or he will fall into Pelagianism, and therefore he begs pardon for positively declaring that he will answer no more questions upon the subject.

"Mataphysics having thus been prohibited, my Lord the Admiral returns to theology, and desires to know why God is three persons rather than four or five, or any other number, particularly as musicians account three an imperfect number. The Friar answers, that God is three persons because he is, and moreover that three is a perfect number; but he is astonished at the depth and wisdom of such questions, and his astonishment is increased by the next, which is—Who governed Heaven when God was in the Virgin Mary's womb? The Friar is ready with two solutions—there were the other two persons of the Trinity; in this way the difficulty might be explained, but that in reality there is no difficulty, because the soul is not infused in conception.

"Will Antichrist have a guardian angel or not? Just as well as Judas, but to as little purpose. Is there a free will in brutes? When the Devil tempts us, does he come of himself, or does God send him? In what part of the body does the soul reside, and at what part does it go out? Why did Christ choose to be born of a Virgin?

"Some of these reasons, like many other passages of this extraordinary book, could not be expressed in our language without shocking the reader. Nothing, however, is more evident than that the Admiral had no thought of irreverence in proposing such questions, and that the Friar replied to them not only with seriousness, but even with a sense of devotion.

"What will become of the world after the last judgment, is one of the following questions. The heavens, we are told, will be still, none of the spheres will move, time will cease, and the winds, and heat, and cold.

Heaven will finally rest in that situation where it was first created, the sun will be in the east, and the moon in the west. Where will the Lord appear at the Day of Judgment; because at that time both heaven and earth will have been destroyed? No, says the Friar, the world will only be destroyed as to its temporal uses, *quanto al temporal provecho*, and Christ will appear over the Valley of Jehosaphat near Mount Olivet, and there we shall all be gathered together, men, angels and devils; and then if you have served God better than I have done, you will be better off than I shall be, and a pretty joke it would be if you with your rank and fortune were to go to Heaven, and the Friar to go to Hell. Will the glory of men be greater than the glory of angels? Yes, twofold; because they will be glorified in the body, and angels have no body in which to be glorified. Moreover, having had greater toil for salvation, they will have greater reward. Where was God before he created the Heavens? This is finely answered, though the answer somewhat diluted in the familiar verse of the original—he was then where he is now, for he who is incomprehensible cannot be in any place. God himself is in himself, and all things are in him.

“*Que Dios mismo esta en si mismo
y todo el mundo esta en el.*”

“During what particular part of the Salutation did the act of Incarnation take place? The Friar, who resolves all questions, answers, that it was as soon as Mary had replied to the angel—‘Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.’

“The Admiral now condescending to a question of simple chronology, asks in what year of the world Christ was born, and the Friar says in reply—Let us count our own years; I am sixty, you are sixty-five; I am near death, and you, by this reckoning, are still nearer. Is bull-fighting sinful? Yes. Is it sinful to treat the people with a bull-fight, if you do not fight yourself? Certainly it is. But why is it sinful? pursues the Admiral, sticking with the keenness of a sportsman to his favorite amusement—why is it sinful, when the practice is so customary, and is a thing allowed? Sir, says the honest Friar, if you will persist in these things at your age, I must tell you that you have one foot in the grave, and another in Hell. St. Cosmes and St. Damian cut off a black man’s leg and fastened it upon a white man; which will have this leg at the Resurrection? The black man and the other will then have his own original leg. How long will a soul remain in Purgatory for every particular sin? I cannot tell; you will know when you get there, and you will neither suffer the less nor get out the sooner for having been an Admiral. At the Day of Judgment there will be souls in Purgatory who will not have been there their full time; how will their account be settled? The intensity of their sufferings may compensate for its brevity; they will have condensed and quintessential torments.

“One division of the work consists of questions in physics, another of moral points, another of riddles. The Admiral enquires how many intestines (*tripas*) a man has, and what is the use of each—a question which the Friar says is of very dirty discussion, *es muy suzio platicar*. A Cavallero who is troubled with hæmorrhoids wants to know what is good for him. The Friar makes a joke or two upon the disease, but advises him to boil four or five frogs in three parts of a pint of oil, and thus make an ointment. One person asks what is the best method for preserving the teeth; he recommends him to clean them first with the pith of pine wood, then with white wine, lastly with a linen cloth. What shall I do

for the tooth-ache? says one of his querists. Fray Luys replies—have the tooth drawn; but if you do not like to part with it, it is a singular remedy to bear the pain and keep the tooth. This is a very unsatisfactory answer to a poor man with a raging tooth-ache; and the patient requests him in good verse to leave off joking, and tell him how he may obtain relief. The prescription is—about a spoonful of salt, tied in a cloth, held in boiling oil during the time in which a man can twice repeat the creed, then laid on the jaw.

“In the course of these physical questions it appears that the Friar never ate salt, because he says, that being only an earth it can afford no nutriment—an argument which I have heard a medical man assign as a philosophical reason for disliking salt, though if this condiment were not in some degree necessary to our well-being, savages and animals would not seek it with such an instinctive desire. Fray Luys also abstained from saffron—a great article in the cookery of those ages, in England as well as in Spain; he thought it hurt his eye-sight. But he was a great eater of eggs; one of his rhyming friends reminds him of this, and expresses his astonishment at the Friar’s *ovivorous* propensities. This seems to have nettled him, and he replies—I am more astonished that you do not eat straw; for one who brays ought to be fed like an ass, not with meat which has been drest, but with straw and barley, as his proper food.

“The Friar very honestly reproves the Admiral for his rigorous execution of the game laws, and complains to him of the grievous oppressions which his vassals endured in consequence. Certainly he was no fawner. The Admiral sends one day to consult him upon a case of conscience, whether he may lawfully keep anything which he has found. Ah—ha! says Fray Luys, you found a hawk yesterday, and you want to keep her, though you know by her jesses and her bells that she belongs to another person! Whoever keeps anything which he has found in such a way, and does not have it cried, is guilty of theft.

“Another metrical specimen occurs T. 1, ff. 90. The Friar has fallen out of bed and sprained his foot, upon which the Admiral requires from him a whole *copla de pie quebrado*, and he rhymes away, exemplifying the metre by glossing upon this pun. A Cavallero has such a pain in one of his double teeth, that he writes to ask if it is not the gout. Fray Luys replies—that he never heard of gout in the teeth; that all grinders, whether of man or of miller, will wear out in time; and that as the knight was threescore years of age, it was no wonder that his tooth should be done with, and be in a state to be plucked out. The knight is not pleased that one who is four-and-twenty years older than himself, should call him sixty before his wife, and complains of this as an injurious mis-statement of the real fact. The Friar upon this makes something like an apology, but he says it is no great error, for he is fourscore, and fifty-six is not far from sixty. This occurs in the second volume, which is by no means so amusing as the first—less from any decay of faculties in the old Franciscan, than because his friends’ stock of questions was nearly exhausted. Some of them, however, are sufficiently curious. Has any one entered the kingdom of Heaven, and afterwards been turned out of it? Would it not have been a greater work of power for God to have created Adam from nothing, than to have made him of clay? Why did God make woman, when he knew she would be the occasion of the fall? May not Eve be called Adam’s daughter, seeing that she was made out of him? Which sinned the most, Adam or Eve? Would there have been any distinction of master and servant in the world if Adam had not fallen? How hap-

pened it that Adam did not wake when Eve was taken out of his side? Why was she made of his rib more than of his head, or any other part? Had Adam a rib the less after this? and had Eve one rib more than her husband? The rib of which Eve was made having belonged to both, which will have it at the Resurrection? How did Adam learn Hebrew? Would the Serpent have been forgiven at the fall if he had confessed his fault, like Adam and Eve? These questions are my Lord the Admiral's, and have all his genuine oddity about them; but when he quits the stage, and Doctor Cespedes *medico famoso, clérigo y cathedrático en Valladolid*, succeeds as first querist to Fray Luys, a lamentable alteration appears. Who, indeed, could be worthy to propound questions after the Admiral?"

NUGÆ.....No. I.

"Magnas nugas dicere magno conatu."

TERENT.

AMONG the prettiest prettinesses I have ever deemed worthy a place among my manuscripts, is this idea of PINKNEY'S. He says to Italy,

"*Thou art a dimple on the face of earth.*"

I am a great admirer of TIMES AND SEASONS,—and have never been able to settle it to my own satisfaction, whether morning or evening, twilight or midnight, noonday or day-break is the happiest hour to me. That it depends upon the mood in which these seasons severally find me is very true,—and it is just as true, too, that while enjoying each, I think the present ever the loveliest; and what conclusion, therefore, is more obvious, than that they are all, as they change, alike redolent of the same spirit of beauty and delight,—and all fraught with the same power to bless and make happy? Many a song, and many a chapter to them all and several, have I copied, and copied till they are familiar to me as "household words,"—and the pencilled lines, and turned down leaves in many a volume mark the diverse and yet united tributes which authors have paid to each. Thus of Morning, Shakspeare says,—

"But look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

HAMLET.

And still more beautifully, once more,—

"See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love."

HENRY VI.

And thus of the earliest Dawn he says—

“the morning’s war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can call it neither perfect day or night!” HENRY VI.

And at Daybreak,—

“The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.” RICHARD III.

And how beautiful are these verses from Cymbeline!

“Hark! hark! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,
And Phœbus ’gins to rise:
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.

“And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With everything, that pretty bin,—
My lady sweet, arise!” SHAKSPEARE.

But who does not know that the breath of the morning is the gentlest, sweetest, and most invigorating of all the breezes that fan the brow? Who needs to be told that the hour of the matin-song of birds is the time to enjoy the loveliest music in the world, and to see the gayest sight? The warbling of a thousand harmonies, and the flashing of a thousand glancing colors, and the scaling and soaring away of many a thousand of tiny feathery forms amid the clear blue heavens.

“His genial rays the sun renews;
The scene is bright with glittering dews;
The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume.” FRISBIE.

“The laughing hours have chased away the night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem:
And now, the blue-eyed morn with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the East,
Blushing in smiles, and glad as infancy!

The mountain tops
Have lit their beacons,—and the vales below
Send up a welcoming. Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks,—
The sunshine and the shade of Poetry!” DAWES.

“And now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heaven arrayed in gold
Empyrean: From before the vanished night
Shot through with orient beams.” MILTON.

I have millions more, but cannot stop to copy them, or stay you readers to read them,—and so adieu! When we meet again we'll may be talk of Night or Noon; by which time may I hope your patience will have become recruited?

Newburyport.

O***.

THE MS. GAZETTE.

Lebanon Springs, July 30.

DEAR LADY HERON,

THE little feet have done shuffling on the piazzas, and the billiard balls rattle no more over the baths, and the lights one by one have disappeared from the rectangular wing opposite, where many a bright eye is closing its silken fringe, and one, I have the audacity to hope, with a thought of me. And here I sit and scribble, the mosquitoes scorching their thin wings in my candle, and one large beetle bouncing against the white wall above me, like a bird trying to fly into a picture—both of them emblems of myself, who still haunt your bright atmosphere, though I but burn my wings, and run my head against the wall which divides you from me, as if it should break the sooner for the exercise of such an impotent anger.

Two o'clock—and were it not that the thought of you is better than sleep, and more especially were it not unfashionable to be seen at breakfast, I would extinguish my light too, and with the echoes of those dizzy waltzes in my brain, woo the “gentle influence” like the hundreds about me—but here I am, and here I shall, and choose to be, till I have relieved my weak heart of its fulness by writing to you, though my letter be nothing but the idle vein of a life like this, and though in its whole pages you find not a word of the feelings with which, to the shame of my pride, I “inly pine,”—not a word of that which alone keeps me waking, and alone *could*, with the fatigue of those endless cotillons and those dizzy waltzes upon my unknighly limbs. And you at this moment doubtless are asleep—those glorious eyes of yours shaded and still, and that voice that I can hear at this moment in my mind's ear as clearly as the whisper in the immense pines over against my window, silent as a sea shell when the tide is gone, and the indescribable and nameless grace floating ever about you shrouded in the darkness that I could curse be-

cause it will one day cover it forever. I trust you are not reading this by daylight. The cold temper of such hours will turn these wild threads spun at midnight into the veriest cobwebs of romancing idlesse, and I would not for any eye but yours so weave up the fibres of that inward store gathered and treasured only in your presence. But this, in dismal truth, is all idle, for I have said and written, when my voice and pen were far more uncontrollable and eloquent than now, all that I could say—all that language could say to an ear like yours,—and it is weak and unworthy in me now to repeat the forbidden words, and linger even in thought on the theme so earnestly and yet so kindly forbidden. I know you will pardon me however—not so much because, as you *will* remind me always, I am ten brief years younger than you, but because I am in a strange sphere where my heart is frozen and suppressed, where the leaden compulsion of fashion makes me unwillingly and unnaturally gay, and because I am away from the mild presence, that, like a mist upon a fountain, hides if it does not still its welling waters.

It was a hard condition under which you permitted me to write to you, that my letter should be but a gazette of my adventures, and I have half a mind now to toss these detestable notes from the window, and hazard your displeasure by giving way once more to the irresistible tide whose current is uppermost and deepest within me—but for once I will lay a fetter on a burning pulse, and write to the Lady Heron in all her bewildering eminence of talent and beauty, as if I were a dull cousin penning an epistle of duty, or a travelling editor recording his three meals a day for the edification of his wondering subscribers.

Well—my journal shall be for once *au regle*. I will begin with the beginning. I left your side at twelve, and at one was in the coach rolling away over the long lighted bridge, and feeling as if every lamp was a star of hope left behind. I love to ride in the night—even when I am miserable. There is something thrilling and mysterious in driving so rapidly through the darkness, by a power which though you understand, you cannot quite realize, and I can fold my arms across my breast, and close my eyes, and believe myself careering through the air upon Cybele's car, or in a shell-chariot coursing with Cythera over the uneven bosom of the sea. And more than all, if there were with me and dependant upon my care, any one whom I loved and whom I could sit closely to, and draw to my side in the loneliness of the still hours,—a child, or a sister, or, if I dare dream of such a happiness, a wo-

man whom I loved—there were then, in the solitary separation from the world, in the common danger, in the waking and conscious reliance upon each other, a closely drawn and condensed happiness which might make even a stage-coach with a dram-drinking driver a memento of thrilling happiness. I kept awake for an hour or two till the thin horn of the new moon emerged from the woods, and then with a modest curse upon my folly in coming away without my upper benjamin, I fell into a shivering sleep which lasted till sunrise—a spectacle which, with my blue nose and dull circulation, I would willingly have bartered for a kitchen fire and a blanket. My philosophy revived after breakfast, and the sun and “Coach No. 2” rolled on through the day, bringing to me various moods and feelings of different color, as my long limbs were cramped more or less by the contracted seats, or my materiality needed more or less the refined succulents which sustain it. The next morning we were travelling again before day, and as the sun rose we followed up for miles the course of a beautiful mountain stream, leaping back upon the way we had come as if my own impatient heart had been dipped into its pebbled fountains. Notwithstanding Goethe’s beautiful assertion, however, that “we are still in the neighborhood of those we love as long as the streams run down from us towards them,” I could not but feel a depression growing with the distance, as if the thread of separation had been “stretched to the crack of doom,” and I were hurrying on with all the strings of my heart out of tune and jarring within it. Thus dining, supping, travelling and sleeping, in all particulars like the profane, I arrived at the valley of Lebanon, and having been duly bathed and registered, I was deposited in this eyrie of a room, at the end of a long gallery—the “local habitation” whence I now have the pleasure of addressing you.

I have been at Lebanon now a week. Our life here is what life always is at the Springs, and I need not detail to *you* who have seen so many brilliant campaigns on these fields of fashion the particulars of any but the aside drama in which, honest to say, I play but an indifferent character. Lascelles is here—extravagant and witty, and as much *un grand seigneur* as ever—driving the best horses, and perpetrating the most desperate puns, and wearing the most negligent cravat withal—the most delightful of friends and the most hilarious and yet the most philosophizing and Augustus Tomlinson-ish of free companions. I like him—I always did—though *you* call him supercilious and ungenial, and though

our beautiful friend (did I tell you, by the way, that her pet setter tore off the skirt of my most felicitous Wheeler on my last stroll through those beautiful grounds—hang him therefore!) though she, I say, does turn up her divinest lip and wonder how any body can think him agreeable. I forgive her that, however, and when I can get another coat that has as exquisite a *tournure* as the last, I will forgive Sholto too—for did not his mistress sing “Alice Gray” to me till the tears stood in my eyes—and did I not inwardly vow at that moment that it should assoil her forever in my mind, not only for all her sins of fashion and worldliness, but for every epigram and satirical ballad and other offence she might commit against me and mine between her present sweet age and thirty. Well—as I said, Lascelles is here, and he and all the other score from the bachelor’s wing are revolving about our magnificent friend, Miss McLush, whose large eyes are as liquid and full, and whose Egyptian figure and imperial grace are as captivating, alike to the wise and simple, the gay and the severe, as ever. For myself, however, though I write myself down a devotee to the same centre, I revolve in a more eccentric orbit, and when all others are in attendance upon our splendid star in the drawing room, I am to be seen taking a quiet promenade on the piazzas, with the “lady of the pearl”—the fairest and most spiritual and “delicatest” being that ever lighted by God’s blessing on this leaden and every-day planet. I can say no more upon paper, but in your ear, Lady Heron, I will describe a forehead and a gliding step, and the proportions of a shadowy frame that shall touch your heart for one on whom the impress of early and resistless decay is written in that language of most affecting beauty that sometimes half reconciles us to its deadly meaning. There are others here, well worthy of a chapter in the book of a tourist, and I could be well pleased to sketch you by the score—but “the morning star begins to pale,” and my hair is damp with this night wind, and I shall be rallied at breakfast, as it is, for my languid eye and my vigil-keeping complexion. For fashions, the pretty women dress their heads with a knot *a la Grecq*, and truly there are two of them who might have been models for antiques—the perfection of high born, aristocratic beauty. I gaze at them from a distance, for you know that I never worship but one star in a sphere, and you know too, that it is neither a Grecian head nor the look of a “born ladye,” but a thrilling tone and a glowing mind, that win me. So I am faithful as a shadow to one, and the rest pass me as unquestioned as

“the stars i’ the milky way,
A multitude of gentle lights without a name.”

Pour amuser, Lascelles has resumed his old habit of publishing for the enlightened a manuscript gazette, and I have stolen the last number from which I send you herewith some extracts. The first article, on Children, is the result of a sleepless night passed by Lascelles in the next room to a crying child:—

If there is anything I despise in this world it is a child. How any rational person can endure them is beyond my philosophy. Puling, slobbering, whining, dirty-faced wretches—

I have heard children called beautiful—I have, upon my honor—by sensible people—and poetry has been written about them, and they have been compared to angels—(angels!) I have had the curiosity to examine the last ten or a dozen which it has pleased Providence to have held at me. They were “pretty”—their mothers and nurses and uncles and brothers and sisters, all swore to it—“beautiful creatures,” all of them—(that was the very phrase.) Well—I looked at their faces—shapeless pulps, by this hand!—their noses! mere nodules of lank muscle without shape or expression—their mouths! loose and watery and silly—their heads! mere lumps of adipose, without expression or color or hair. I looked at their countenances; as expressionless and vacant as a turnip—at their eyes! blank as black buttons, and floating and wandering about in their dull fat like blue beans in a caudle. And then there is such a contemptible imbecility in the nerveless necks of the little sillinesses!

I hate such submissive things. I have seen their heads hang helplessly on the side where it was placed by the hour together, and their unmeaning fingers sticking out in all directions from their dumpling palms, without a twitch or a motion, though they were spoken to and chuckled at till the good-natured nurse was breathless with the exercise. I have seen a puppy of six hours that would take more notice. I have, upon my soul!

I can bear most sounds. I do not always leave the room when a belle sits down to a bravura. I rather like a fish-horn. “Oysters” cried under my window throw me into no convulsions. But the crying of a child is too much. I dream lately o’ nights of sitting by the gate of Hades and listening to the screams of the sinners within. There is a fretful child in the room next to me.

My cousin Lucy is a young married woman with four children. I go there once a month to a Sunday dinner. If it were not for the Last Day I think I would rather be burned. She used to take me up to the nursery *before* dinner; but after being twice under the necessity of sending home for a change of inexpressibles, I insisted, much to my cousin’s anger, on deferring it till evening, when such accidents were of less consequence. I have lately ordered a pair of oil-cloth overalls in which I shall dine at all places where I am under the necessity of dandling the little nuisances.

Nothing mortifies me so much as to meet one of those detestable old ladies who remember one “when he was a baby.” I always take such a remark as an insult. It is so mean to allude to such a filthy chrysalis—to tell a butterfly that you knew him when he was a worm!

If it ever pleases Providence to inflict a child upon me, I shall stipulate for a wet nurse in the country. I would disinherit a child that should cross my sight before it was three years old—if I wouldn’t, hang me! And what is more, I’ll cut him out twenty pounds from his inheri-

tance every time he cries—save only when a pin pricks him, or the nurse drops him into the fire.

I have lately written an Essay to read before the Zoological Society, in which I suggest the expediency of drowning like puppies all children that are not sensible-looking and cleanly in the nose at six months.

You will of course say this is profane, and when I think of your beautiful boy with the dark eye and stern lip, even so young, of his noble and departed father, I could cut Lascelles out of my will (he is down for my cameo Cupid) for making light of childhood, but, do you know, for all this, and with the earnest love I feel always for a beautiful child, I like it—because everything sweet is so profaned by this scribbling world, and, in the very temper of contradiction, if things that are holy to me must be written on, I would rather have them travestied than described. To my surprise, Lascelles has in one of his productions come very near the sentimental. In waltzing a night or two ago with a very lovely woman whose slight *embonpoint* and refined appreciation of his French gloves have won somewhat upon that trite organ he calls his heart, she broke a beautiful Mosaic bracelet, and giving him the fragments made him promise to send them to her the next morning with a sonnet. I cannot conceive of his appropriating those taper and cherished fingers of his to such a serious service, and with what grace or face he wrote the first stanzas I cannot divine. They run thus:—

'Twas broken in the gliding dance,
When thou wert in thy dream of power,
When lip and motion, tone and glance
Were glorious all—the woman's hour!
The light lay soft upon thy brow,
The music melted on thine ear,
And one, perhaps forgotten now,
With wildered thoughts stood listening near—
Marvelling not that links of gold
A pulse like thine had not controlled.

'Tis midnight now—the dance is done—
And thou in thy rich dreams asleep:
And I, awake, am gazing on
The fragments given me to keep.
I think of every glowing vein
That ran beneath these links of gold,
And wonder if a thrill of pain
Made those bright channels ever cold—
With gifts like thine I cannot think
Grief ever chilled this broken link.

Good night! 'tis little now to thee
That in my ear thy words were spoken,

And thou wilt think of them and me
 As long as of the bracelet broken.
 And thus is riven many a chain
 That thou hast fastened but to break,
 And thus thou'lt sink to sleep again
 As careless if another wake—
 The only thought thy heart can rend
 Is *what the fellow'll charge to mend!*

Nothing but a new sensation would have tempted him to forego the bathos of that conclusion. Pity—is it not? The verses would have been pretty else. Among the other contributions is the following thorough-going sentiment which would be better any where than in a paper got up expressly *pour la bagatelle* :—

I look upon the fading flowers
 Thou gavest me, lady, in thy mirth,
 And mourn, that with the perishing hours
 Such fair things perish from the earth ;
 For thus, I know, the moment's feeling
 Its own light web of life unweaves,
 The clearest trace from memory stealing,
 Like perfume from these dying leaves—
 The thought that gave it and the flower
 Alike the creatures of an hour.

And thus it better were, perhaps—
 For feeling is the nurse of pain ;
 And joys that linger in their lapse
 Must die at last—and so are vain.
 Could I revive these faded flowers—
 Could I call back departed bliss—
 I would not—though this world of ours
 Were ten times brighter than it is.
 They must, and let them, pass away !
We are forgotten—even as they.

And here are some verses written by a tall pastoral-looking youth who wanders round the piazzas with a straw hat in his hand, the most diffident and melancholy-looking stripling I have seen since I used to meet such, arm in arm, in the promiscuous rambling places about college. The verses are addressed to a wild and beautiful creature here who took a fancy that flirtation with a scholar would be something vastly new and refreshing, and devoted herself to him with singular constancy one whole day and night. She puts up her glass at him now, and asks who he is—poor fellow ! But these are his verses :—

We met like rain-drops in the air,
 Like colors blending in the sky—
 A common path we knew not where,
 A common trust, we knew not why.
 I heard thy tone as I would hear
 The winding of a viewless spell—
 The coming from another sphere
 Of sounds whose compass none can tell—
 The link that binds the leaves of flowers
 Was not more strange and sweet than ours.

I've listened to thy voice one day—
 I've wandered by thy side one night—
 Like birds upon their swiftest way
 My presence will have crossed thy sight.
 Yet in that "inward leaf" is writ
 Deeply the letters of thy name,
 And I shall more remember it
 Than many a sentence traced in flame—
 'Tis written with that "golden pen"
 That writes with fire the hearts of men.

Farewell—the dew drops in the river,
 The bubbles of the summer rain,
 The shafts selected from the quiver
 Divide, and meet no more again ;
 And we, when this brief day is past,
 Shall only know that we have met,
 And, smiling as we hurried past,
 Had time to say "Do not forget!"—
 Yet conscious, pleasant as they were,
 That tone and smile were traced in air.

There, dear Lady Heron, have I not gazetted you to your heart's content, as well as to the letter of your command? I am sure you never wasted your bright eyes upon such a dismal chapter of *sottises* before, and I would not have intruded them into the sacred atmosphere of that daintiest of boudoirs where I presume you are reading them, could I have otherwise obeyed you. But when the heart is full of one thrilling presence and the mind is forced to go out and busy itself about everything indifferent else, how can you expect from it either earnestness or success. No, Lady—I dream of you waking and sleeping. I find the letters of your name in the stars, and I scrawl it, where I should rather write my own, upon the sand, and it is carved on the hemlocks in these deep woods, and on the silver cup from which, with a horror of the universal glass, I drink the medicinal waters—and how can I, this being true, write to you graphically or even continuously of other people or things. Love with me is exis-

tence. It is infused into every breath I draw, and it touches with its sad earnest every thought and tone. I should not love at all, if every drop in the fountains of my life were not tinged with its glowing color. So farewell, and when you sing Alice Gray, and when you walk on the sheltered terrace where I first uttered a rash word to you, and when you sit beneath that silken curtain to watch for the springing of your favorite star in the twilight sky—remember me! Good night. Angels keep you!

SUMMER.

“Summer is come—all pleasantness and sweet winds.”

THE Summer is fair in the sun-lit air,
 And the distance of the sky;
 And merrily and sunnily
 The winds blow, low and high—
 The South's at rest, and the bright pure West,
 And the wind that dwells between
 In the leafy bowers, where the silver showers,
 And the winds from heaven lean,
 And wander through, and distil a dew
 On the lips of the waving leaves—
 And the cloud floats low, and slow and slow
 The sun his mist-veil weaves,
 Like an ardent lover to spread it over
 The brow of the silent moon—
 And there comes a wind, and its tracks we find
 At midnight or mid-noon—
 A charm it brings with its unseen wings,
 And its slight and dewy feet,
 And every flower, with a golden shower
 Of love its fingers greet.

The bland south-west comes on the breast
 Of the cloudy and stormy sea;
 And leaves it as calm, with its silent charm,
 As the upper heavens be.
 It comes on the dells, and the flower bells
 Under its feet look up;
 And it shakes a dew of a silver hue
 On every fairy cup.
 It comes on the hills, and the summer rills
 Are leaping faster along;

It holds its wing over birds that sing,
And they chant a merrier song ;
Its pinions are bowed on the idle cloud,
And its fervors of warmth and love
Waft it up in the sky, till far and high
It floats like a white-winged dove.
It comes on the eye where the fever-mists lie,
And spurns them away from their throne,
And lights it again with a constant rain
Of love and light alone.
It waves its wings with hidden springs
Of dew-light over the brow,
And leaves it as bright, as the pure delight
Of the clouds that run and bow
Before the car of the burning star,
That we have named the sun ;
When the early dawn of the blushing morn
His journey has begun.

The winds are here, and bright and clear
The blue sky looks about,
Like a great sea, and silently
The winds go in and out ;
And cloudy isles, with sunny smiles,
Are sailing on its breast
All over that ocean with a gentle motion,
And a state of moving rest.
The bright sun shoots on the flowers and fruits
His hot and life-winged shafts ;
And of odors and dew, as his beams fly through
The air, he takes rich draughts ;
And his light is asleep on the hills and the steeps—
On the green plains and the dells—
On the ocean waves—round the hidden caves—
With its brightness and its spells ;
And at coming of night, with a fainting light,
The moon steals over the sky,
And, like a maid, one half afraid,
Looks down with a timid eye.
At night or noon, by sun or moon,
Beauty is everywhere ;
And SUMMER is bright, and happy, and light,
And sunny, and very fair.

A. P.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A PIPE.

IN the last number of the Magazine we were furnished with the "Philosophy of a Cigar." The author of that article is evidently a connoisseur in cigars, and describes very pleasantly their multiform effects upon his own system. But I was grieved to find him attacking so unscrupulously the pipe, which has long been an intimate of mine. He calls it "an abomination," and those who use it, "mere animals, and self-opinionated." In the same paragraph he confesses himself wholly inexperienced in its use, and recollects "never to have shuddered all over in his life, except once when he was advised to smoke a pipe." Now while I chide his adventurousness in judging without experience, I beg he would reconsider his opinion, and seek practical illumination on the subject. I will gladly furnish him with a model in the best Chiang-ho fumigator that ever slipped from the fingers of a Chinese artist.

I have tried the various races of cigars. I have speculated upon the wire-twisted leaves of the genus *nicotiana*, whether American or Spanish—whether curtailed in length to within the inch of respectful distance of one's nose, or elongated to the further pole of a "long nine"—whether variegated with spots, or "clear, bright and unspecked"—whether clothed with yellow "down," or with "the raven down of night," but I never reached through their medium the true *rationale* of smoking. They indeed enabled me to talk fragmentary poetry—to conceive gorgeous piecemeals of notions about the women—to smell delicious, but fitful fragrances in groves of spicy air, and to dream of intonations of music which were "too vast and constant to be heard." But such effects constituted my very objections to cigars—they engendered such a confusion of odd ends and bits of ideas, such "a half-conscious, half-positive delight" (as the author above referred to expresses it) that, like the clown who had just dropt into a civilized world, I felt like "a half and half, and no sort of a being." I abandoned the use of them, and adopted the opinion that whosoever cleaveth unto cigars, must remain "a negative quantity;" and, as the proof of a pudding is in the eating, so the evidence of this opinion is tangibly exhibited in the appearance of every man in whose mouth is a cigar—he carries "a minus sign" before him.

I now smoke a pipe. The bowl is made of blue porcelain, and it closes perpendicularly upon a handle fabricated from the most delicate and sparkling phosphate of lime. This

handle (thanks to the shrewdness of its maker) advances spirally towards the mouth, alternately elevating and depressing so as to avoid the fatal direction of horizontal. The diameter of the bowl is one inch and a half—a property which gives the pipe an important superiority over the cigar, for as is the diameter, so is the quantity of smoke which may be circularly or pyramidally ejected. I have time now, dear Reader, only to give you the philosophy of this last remark.

All smokers agree in the tendency of smoke,—to excite pleasant analogies and associations, by its variety and forms of curvature. Now smoke from a cigar dissipates without ever weaving into beautiful or fantastic forms—it is like the air in this respect—endlessly diffusive. But when thrown from the bowl of a pipe, as the whim of the practised smoker changes, it assumes recognized and emblematical forms. The most elegant of these forms are the circle and the pyramid. The circle is truly splendid. Often have I watched it—now first rising in deep opacity, and adjusted in size to the dimensions of the bowl—then gradually enlarging and rarifying as it ascends upward, till its magnificent delineation, like a sphere upon the waters, is lost in distance—and it vanishes, perhaps broken, perhaps still sailing on in illimitable space. No wonder that the ancient world should have seized upon a circle as the emblem of eternity—it is the most expressive of all emblems. No wonder even that Timeus of Locri should have appropriated it to describe the Deity—"God is a circle," said he, "whose centre is everywhere, and circumference nowhere." Plato and Pascal regarded this as the finest figure that was ever uttered; and I have sometimes thought (Coleridge's philosophical explanation aside) that I could discover its hidden meaning, when I have gazed upon the slight ascension of a sphere from my pipe.

The pyramid is another typical figure. Its appearance while forming (the manner of making it is a secret) is various and striking. First their issues forth a little ball of rather dense smoke, dragging along from either side a thin trail of fumes. These form the spherical apex, and divergent sides of the pyramid. Next follows a solid assemblage of smoke composing a polygonal base, and away the pyramid sails—as it advances, the denser vapor from either end commences running laterally, until a brisk circulation around the whole perimeter of the figure is established, and it assumes one uniform appearance of blue. Sometimes I look upon my smoke-built pyramids, like an ancient heathen upon the Colossal pyramids of Egypt, "as temples or fire-altars raised to the god of day"—and I have wished to ascend with them, as the

Egyptian priests were wont to ascend the pyramids, to observe the heavens from their summits. As I have seen the smoke weave fantastic spaces in their midst, I have been reminded by turns of the sanctuary, the treasury, the oracular shrine, the royal cemetery contained in the bosom of the Egyptian fabrics—where I have sometimes even hoped to slumber out a “three thousand years” of transmigration in some gorgeous chamber—amid the Mosaic walls, the marble and the alabaster. Or if fancy should reject an idea so tinctured with heathenism, I have delighted in the idea that my ashes might lie inurned in one of these immortal depositories for the dead, and I have exclaimed with the daughter of *Ædipus* in the language of *Sophocles*,

“ Our latest, longest home
Is with the dead ; and therefore would I please
The lifeless, not the living. I would rest
Forever there.”

Believe me, dear Reader, there is nothing like a pipe, with the aeriform excursions from its bowl, for giving a tone and efficacy to the power of association. I could describe to you many other forms made by my pretty porcelain fumigator, with the correspondent reflections which they suggest. I could explain how under its influence severity relaxes, torpidity is commuted for brisk emotion, gloom for riant humor—how invention and thought on all subjects, from the gayest to the most grave, quicken—and more than all for inamoratos, how revelations are made by “that beautiful mirror,” as *Robert Hall* describes Love, “which lies in the fancy of a lover, for him to read his thoughts by.”

LETTER FROM ITALY.

We have taken the liberty to publish the following letter from a friend of ours—a young artist now in Italy. It was not intended for publication, but it is so redolent of the “land of the cypress and myrtle” that we cannot resign ourself to keep it for our own eye.

Florence, June 10, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

As you are curious to know something of the nature of the impressions made on a traveller by the everyday scenes here, there is a fine opportunity for you to satisfy yourself, if you were here to-day, which is the *festa “corporis*

Christi ;” so if you’ll just transfer yourself to my side, (in imagination, that is to say,) we will gaze about us, and I think we shall see something very different in character from American festivities. Here we are, then, in Florence, one of the gayest of Italy’s cities, the cabinet of the fine arts, the residence of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, “and all that.” We have over us a fine Italian sky, not of the deep, cold blue of America, but of a mellow greenish tinge; the breath of the air is balmy, and the sun-light falling on the buildings of stone and stucco, creates rich orange lights, and warm, brown shadows. Before us the broad, stone-paved street swarms with crowds of gaily and fashionably-dressed people—for there are very few of the vulgar here, who have not quite an “*air distingué*,” when dressed in their holiday suits. Over all the window sills you see displayed broad banners of crimson, yellow or blue silks, and the space above them in the windows is crowded with smiling faces. There you have regular parterres of the famed blossoms of Italian beauty; judge for yourself! So much for the general effect upon the eye. Now awaken your ears a little. This discordant bawling which is heard above the buzz of the crowd, is kept up by the venders of cakes and fruits, canes, ribbons, and other nick-nacks, all emulous of attracting your attention to their prices. Does not this fashion of selling remind you of the passage in Scott’s “Fortunes of Nigel,” “*Clocks, Watches and Barnacles?*” You see it is the same custom here—Confound their noise! It is somewhat relieved, however, by the full, rich tones of the bell of the “*duomo*,” which come mellowed by the distance, from the high tower, and seem to hang trembling in the air like a thunder-cloud above us. These fellows, so busily pushing about with their big baskets, are scattering under feet the leaves and blossoms of flowering trees, the scent of which forms, as a painter would say, a sort of background to the variety of perfumes wafted past us by the damsels continually passing.

Now, if you please, we’ll walk to the Grand-Duke’s square, which affords at any time a rich sight, but to-day, as the court equipage is to pass through it on the way to Santa Maria Novella, there have been some extraordinary decorations. ’Tis certainly a noble square; there is wonderful grandeur in the front of the old palace, and great magnificence in the portico of the new, which was designed by Vasari, and contains the famed gallery of Florence. Before the old palace stand the Colossal David of Michael Angelo, and the Hercules and Cacus of Bandinelli. Under the portico

you see the famous Perseus of Bennenuto Cellini, (whose life if you never read you must certainly read,) the Rape of the Sabines, by John of Bologna, and several fine antique Colossals. Yonder also is an admirable equestrian statue, in bronze, of Ferdinand I., and a huge fountain surmounted by Neptune, his sea-horses and Tritons. The walls are hung with richly wrought tapestries. Here we see all the exploits of Sampson, and there, from the formation of the world down to the loss of Eden, where Adam and Eve are seen departing from the garden, and the monkey, with an apple in his paw, following. Yonder are other famous tapestries, wrought from designs by Andrea del Sarto. These rich decorations make the square look like one great saloon with the blue heavens for a dome. There is as busy a scene as that which we have just left. The thick crowd collected around yonder show-box, are laughing at the grimaces and funny speeches of the little puppet which you just see above their heads, strutting about in his scarlet uniform and cocked hat. Do you hear his squeaking voice? A man underneath plays him off, and says all these *funny things* for him. This, sir, is no less a personage than the renowned Punchinello. That fellow, mounted on a white horse, haranguing so vehemently, is a quack. In his right hand he holds aloft a tooth which he has just extracted on the spot, from the jaws of the poor fellow with a handkerchief at his face. He is explaining to the gaping *Contadini* the importance of the operation—" *Christianie Contadini*," he says, "this tooth which I have so cunningly extracted (I say it not for greatness,)" &c. But here comes the Grand-Duke's equipage, under an awning of canvass erected of the breadth of the street, on poles thirty feet in height. This awning protects them from the sun, from the palace to the church. This is the Duke's "*regular turn out*"—six splendidly gilded and painted coaches, each drawn by six beautiful and spirited horses. The dress of the postilions, coachmen and footmen which are stuck about them is, you see, in keeping, gaudy as a tin toy. Off hat, man! everybody bows to the Grand-Duke, so that he has not seen a covered head for years, I suppose! Next follows the church procession, *chanting*, though not "*divinely*." The outer file is formed by citizens bearing huge, blazing, waxen torches. The middle is occupied by monks of various orders, "*black, white and gray, with all their trumpery*" of crucifixes, crosses, instruments of torture, censers of incense puffing smoke before the host, &c. &c. There is a sort of a mysterious awe in the slow movement of their persons, covered from top to toe by their sombre garments, with the excep-

tion of two little holes for the eyes, the cords of maceration hanging by their sides. We will follow them to Santa Maria Novella, the church of which Michael Angelo was so fond as to call it his spouse.

Here then we are, in the vast interior, lighted by thousands of waxen candles. The pillars and walls are hung with crimson damask, striped with gold. The centre aisle is occupied by a body of mustachioed soldiery, and in the side aisles are seen rising above one another in tiers, caps, ribbons and bright eyes. What a blaze of splendor! The little daylight admitted through the narrow windows is just sufficient to show the brilliant colors of the stained glass. The grand altar, with its service of gold and silver, dazzles like the sun; and as you cast your eye into the obscure height of the ceiling, the chandeliers there twinkle like so many systems of stars. What do you think of the taste of the orchestra—blue and gold? The music is certainly very fine, and well calculated for effect. First a low, harmonious strain, gradually swelling to a loud peal with a full stop; the muskets rattle on the marble tile, and all the soldiers are on their knees; now commences another low symphony, and at the tinkle of a silver bell from the grand altar, up rise the soldiers, and a discharge of musketry from without is heard. These are some of the ceremonies which the Catholics boast of as being so impressive, and would tell us to see the evidences of devotional feelings in the animated features and beaming eyes around us. Be that as it may, you have had a specimen of one of the religious festivals of the Italians. We are soon to have some fire-works, horse-racing, &c., of which I may, perhaps, write you an account; till then, adieu.

Yours, &c.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE fifteenth of the month—and instead of the cool, intermittent *far-niente* humor with which we usually pass this point of the calendar, here we are, with the “devil” at our elbow, black as Erebus, waiting for the first sheet of this our last article—the beaded drops on our forehead of a month’s work done in a week, and a heap of dingy notes addressed

"Mr. Editor," from "Your's to command, the Printer," staining the delicate rose wood of our new pigeon holes, and haunting us like a monument of our three weeks' shortcomings. You will forgive us, dear Reader, for the sins now in commission—our tardiness, and our unelaborateness—when we quote you the "spectacles of French gray and no books for a month"—a passage from a certain prescription under cover of which, after finishing our last number, we shook the dust of the city from our shoes. How beautiful the unbuilt and broad mountains, the fresh hillsides and the cool forests are, even to a bloodshot eye, when one has been prisoned amid the *pulvere strepituque urbis* during the genial months, we claim a right to have realized. The lark breaks never from his string, nor the falcon from his wearisome jesses, with the liberal joy of him who in his slavish toil has not forgotten the better years when his feet were as free as his desires. There is an enlargement of the heart as the eye gets a wider range athwart the hills, and a lifting sensation in the breath, and the blood glows in the temples and the fingers' ends, and the whole frame has a sensible increase of dimension and power. We do believe, however it may be hindered or suppressed by circumstances, that there is an inborn capacity in the human mind to adapt itself to the natural objects about it, and it is therefore that the mountain races of men are nobler and more great-hearted, and the people of a more romantic country more constant and chivalrous—your Swiss more of a hero than your Dutchman—Rob Roy than his kinsman the Baillie. We do not care just now, however, to establish this or any other theory. We would rather remember the delight with which we felt the dusty and russet phantoms of our daily companionship trooping from our mind, and the gay forms with which woods and waters are peopled coming gracefully in and opening the long shut windows to the pure light, and removing from sight and thought the materials of accustomed but over-wearisome toil. Oh! to have the mind so "swept and garnished" as it may be by these ministering spirits—to have the dull chapters of the book within shut and sealed, and the golden letters of nature, forbidden but never forgotten by the prisoned eye, turned out from their concealed leaves once more—without a figure, to abandon books and papers and all the aching nerves that they bring with them, and put on for an indefinite season the garb and humor of a "gentleman forester"—the torn cap of boyhood—the mood of disregard and free company—this is to live, this is to be happy!

The fetter is upon our heel once more, however. Our "table" is before us. Our muddy quills turn up their worn places to our finger and thumb. Books, new ones—manuscripts, old ones—poetry that it would puzzle old Mortality to read, and all mortality to understand—proof sheets, gentlemen in rags—notes to dine and notes to pay—new novels that contain nothing novel, and new periodicals that make our heart ache for the Editors—a sodden and clotted inkstand that is dark as a fragment of chaos to our *clouded* eye, and a star of most unveiled and lambent brightness when we glance upon it in the coming of a thought—a Cook's Oracle much thumbed, and a certain ambiguous looking volume much blotted and scrawled, the receptacle of wandering fancies and indefinite plans and verses unspun—these are the exchanges for woodland and water, for shade and sunshine, for pure air and liberty to breathe it—for freedom from all care, and abandonment to all impulses. Alas! Alas!

WE commenced last month, by some remarks upon Mr. Percival, a series of loose sketches of the American Poets. We shall not pretend to speak of them in the order of estimation in which we hold them ourself, but shall follow our fancy both as to the sequence and the manner—a plan which will give us more scope, and our notices a greater variety.

Mr. Bryant is beyond competition the most finished poet of our country. With less inborn poetry than Percival, less force and originality than Halleck, and less invention and graphicism (if we may make a word) than Hillhouse, he has written better poetry than either, and will probably be longer read and remembered. His few productions are as familiar, line by line, to the reading public, as the most standard poetry in the language. Every body can repeat "the Water-fowl" and "Thanatopsis," and his last delicious verses to the Evening Wind are still to be seen in three newspapers out of four, though it is a year since their appearance in the *Talisman*. We scarcely know how to define the peculiarities of Mr. Bryant's style. It seems hardly to account for the prodigious effect he produces; to ascribe it only to a singularly apt choice of epithets, and a certain elaborate simplicity and directness of expression. Yet we know not what else is peculiar, and we were a little struck in looking over his pieces, to see of what comparatively common-place thought, and with how little invention their rich texture was woven. In Percival's poetry you are dazzled with a far-gathered thought, or a new illustration from Nature, or an exquisite detection

of affinities. In *Hillhouse*, the studied and finely constructed invention captivate your fancy—in *Halleck*, the keen satirical truth, or bold energy of conception and expression; but *Bryant* takes the simple thought from before your eyes—the every-day word and similitude from your lip—the familiar moral that was taught you on the knee, and so clothes and returns it to you, that, though you recognize, you can scarce realize it for the same. It is like the ore that you spurned with your foot, wrought into a polished vessel. It is like the beggar taken and dressed richly. It is like the flower plucked from its humble stalk to be woven into the tresses of the noble-born and beautiful. There is scarcely in all that he has written, a new figure, or an original truth; and yet if you can read the commonest passage—the simplest distich in it all, and not thrill with its beauty, you are less susceptible to the influences of poetry than the best minds that have fallen in the way of our observation. This, we are aware, is like pulling the rose in pieces to show its construction; for feeling is the same however produced, and it is poetry—real and beautiful, and such only—that can so waken and stir up the soul within us; but it is the fashion of the time to dissect the spell while we obey it, and we trust the more ardent lovers of *Bryant*, among whom we claim (*ex officio*) to be numbered, will not think it profane that we have opened our eyes during the incantation. We extract *Thanatopsis* here, not because it is not familiar to the reader, but that, as it is *Mr. Bryant's* best production, you may run your eye over its exquisite periods and judge of the correctness of our remark:—

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his dark musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,

Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould,
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet, the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. Bryant writes rarely—averaging not more than one short piece in a year. This arises doubtless from an unavoidable devotion to other and most uncongenial pursuits, and not, as we have seen it lately enviously said, from a necessity of nursing and husbanding his resources. To a mind like his, the leaves of the book of Nature are perpetually turning, and the fountains within his own soul are perpetually welling anew. He cannot live and not feel the treasure within enriching and accumulating; and we have little doubt that his long intervals of silence are periods of suppression—the result of a far greater and more painful effort than is made by the most assiduous trimmer of the lamp. He is probably the oldest among our eminent poets, and has reached a perfection of style beyond which it is hardly possible to go. The exquisite balance and music of his periods cannot be improved, and the absolute fitness of his epithets can scarcely be outdone. But he might bring up from his store much that is thirsted for in the world, and we trust there will yet come a turn of the Blind Dame's wheel which shall loosen him from the degrading harness of Politics, and set him aside to cultivate and develope his own soul in unvexed retirement.

WE have said at one time and another a great deal of Shelley. In our last volume we gave some extracts from a set of his Poems, which fell into our hands, which were universally admired and quoted. To our taste, there is not, in an equal space in the works of any poet for the last century, Byron not excepted, so much high beauty, as in those same fragments of Prometheus and Alastor. They were surprisingly beautiful. The volume from which we took them did not contain, however, one of his most celebrated Poems, "Adonais," a monody on his friend, the lamented Keats—a spirit more finely constructed, perhaps, even than his own. We have long been trying unsuccessfully to get a volume of Keats's Poems, and when we do succeed we shall endeavor to express our feelings in reference to his genius and his fate more fully than we dare now. Meantime, we have met in the Album of a friend lately returned from Europe, some

stanzas of the Adonais which we extract here. It is a singular Poem, written in the strongest style of personification, and and in some passages exceedingly dim and indistinct. Adonais of course is Keats, and everything in Nature is personified to mourn his death :—

All things he loved and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,—
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and, her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day ;
After the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsmen's horn, or bell at closing day ;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds : a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if the Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown
For whom should she have waked the sullen year ;
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais : wan they stand and sere
Amid the drooping comrades of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears : odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee : the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest !

Urania, the Muse of Fame, comes to mourn over his body :—

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her aery tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell :

And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they
Rent the soft form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, *and the breath*
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild, and drear, and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet a while! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart,
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them as they go.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

WE can scarcely believe that Mr. Neal was serious in writing the book which has lately appeared with his name. (It is acknowledged in the shop-bills though not in the title page.) If a clever writer had done his best to burlesque Mr. Neal's style, or if the author himself had sat down in a way not at all out of keeping with his character, to throw out a mock-serious novel in the hope of taking in the critics, we should have expected to see precisely such a book as this "Tale by a New Englander over sea." It reads like a travesty. A school-boy, it seems to us, would not take for earnest one-fourth of its three hundred pages. Chapter after chapter is occupied with a monosyllabic dialogue, of which it is impossible to tell the meaning or the object. Yet here and there, though rarely enough, the power of the author breaks through, and for half a page perhaps, you feel as if the book might redeem itself after all. It goes on again, even to the end, however, in the same exaggerated, distorted style, and you scarce know when you have finished it, whether to be vexed or amused—whether to condemn or laugh at the author. The main object of the book is the history of Mr. Neal's acquaintance with a gentleman and his wife whom he met in Westminster Abbey, and whom he shrewdly supposes are not husband and wife—to each other. He spends three years in looking at every woman he meets in the hope of finding the lady again, makes every trivial circumstance an inexplicable mystery, uses large words for little things (among other things, speaking of a female who was waiting on the wharf for the arrival of a steam-boat, as the "woman of the sea") and after 268 pages, ends where he begun, in losing the gentleman and his wife, who he learns are gone to America. There is no plot and no episode. We should not care for the proprieties of the story, if he had but introduced description enough, or aside incident enough, or sketched character enough, to pay us for our time; but it is to the very end an inflated, ill-told story, unredeemed by even one continuous and sensible chapter. Here is a dialogue taken from the midst of one of the most highly colored scenes in the book. The author (the story is told in the first person) has been invited by the mysterious gentleman to visit him at his cottage. After a day or two, he is called away and leaves his visiter there with his wife. In this situation he undertakes to catechise her out of the mystery:—

One question more. Did you invite me to your house to make a fool of me?
Oh! you are mad as a March hare!

What did you mean pray, when you told me with tears in your eyes, that your only hope was in me?

My only hope *on earth*, I said.—
 Well well ; but what did you mean by that ?
 Mean—I meant—will you take a chair—
 No! Zounds, if you laugh, I'll kick a hole through the side of the house, or escape through the roof—
 That would be hardly worth your while ; the door is open, you see.
 So it is, faith ; but you are in my way.
 Am I—there—there—going aside—why don't you go ?
 Would you turn me out of your house neck and heels ?
 No, but you may turn yourself out if you like.
 Oh, you may laugh—but I am going.—
 I see you are.
 Why do you leave it open though ? it's very cold—very—
 That I might look upon the trees and the sky, and hear the noise of the wind over the hill, and the roar of the sea—
 Indeed—is that all—
 No, Sir—I leave it open that I may hear the footstep of my husband.
 You smile—how dare you !
 No matter ; I'm going you see—I'm going for good and all—but before I go, I wish you would contrive to tell me in what way it was you thought I could be of use to you.
 I will—now that you are in a chair—
 In a chair !—I am not—
 No, but you were in it when I spoke—
 Very well, and what if I was—
 Nothing—nothing at all, you know ; you were on the way out.
 By Jove—
 Nay, nay, be quiet if you please, and hear what I have to say.

The best thing in the book, and almost the only clear and intelligible passage, is the following really beautiful description of Portsmouth as seen from the Isle of Wight:—

“Two or three nights before, I had been struck with the amazing beauty of a sunset, which I saw from the Portsmouth side—it was like the sunsets of North America ; not so brilliant however, nor dyed with such exalted and fervent hues, but *like* them in the stillness of their beauty, when to look at them is enough to bring the water into your eyes and to make your heart run over—especially if there is a woman at your side. I grew melancholy, and I thought how very little we know of each other in this world, nations of nations, neighbors of neighbors, brothers of brothers. On every side of me was the proof ; on every side of me beauty and power that were considered peculiar to America ; a real Indian-summer—that Sabbath of the whole year ; a superb sunset, and huge trees overloaded with foliage that appeared like a sort of gorgeous blazonry. Their colors were not so vivid as we have them in America, nor so various, nor did they overhang all the mountain-sides, and all the rocks, and every foot of the earth as far as the eye could reach, with a sort of ponderous and fluctuating shadow ; but they had a beauty of their own, a beauty that we never see in the New World, a sort of pomp which is not the pomp of the wilderness, and a sort of wealth which is not the wealth of our everlasting woods, but graver and quieter. They swell up to the eye, cloud over cloud, with colors that we love to see in a picture. Not so with our savage North American landscapes—they would startle and scare you if they were painted with fidelity. If you had gathered your ideas of nature from

Claude, or Poussin, or Hobbima, or Both, or Ruysdäl, or from any body that ever painted a landscape in Europe, you would never be able to endure the truth in a landscape of North America. The bright blue, the deep fiery crimson, the scarlet and gold, the orange and purple, the innumerable shades of brown would appear unworthy of a picture. You would feel as men who have been brought up to the stage do, when they see the terrible passions at work off the stage—you would swear that Nature herself was unnatural.

So much for the sunset which I had seen two or three nights before; but nothing that I saw then, though it was all that I have described it to be, could equal the view that I had now of the Portsmouth shore off Gosport, of the shipping, of the military works, and of the far blue sea, *with a fleet riding slowly over the dim barrier which hardly separated it from the far blue sky—launching away, ship after ship, into the unfathomable air*, as if they knew, like the huge birds of South America when they float over the top of the Andes—into the sky—with all their mighty wings outspread, that there was no power in heaven or earth able to wreck them, or shatter them, or disturb them on their way. It was a picture to be remembered for life—to be carried away on the heart, as if the colors were burnt there, and the moveable beauty of a camera obscura had been shut up for another day, or melted into the material and fixed there forever and ever.

The broad-striped waters were like a smooth satin, glossy with light, and rippling with a low soft air that stole over the green surface like a shadow. You could see it move. They were green too—of a beautiful positive green, such as I never saw anywhere else; no doubt owing to the mixture of a sober yellowish dye produced by the sands near the shore with the cold blue of the ocean—a blue that appeared as black as midnight, where the waters were very deep. On every side of me were happy faces—grown-up children wading about on the shore, and looking as if they had never heard the name of sorrow, as if to them life were but one long holiday; barges and wherries dipping to the swell; great ships at anchor with their sides turned up to the air, as if they had been cast away in the very middle of the great deep; and others afar off towering into the sky like prodigies, or floating up and fading away, like so many superb creatures of the air, each abroad on some great particular errand of its own.

The night before there had been a gale, which prepared the way for what I saw now. I stood on the pier and saw it approach—the breeze sounding over the deep, the mist rolling toward me like a heavy white smoke, the tide moving with a steady roar, which grew louder and louder as it heaved and weltered underneath our feet; and the Portsmouth shore, while it seemed very high and very far off, breaking through the mist with an effect such as I never saw before, either in life or poetry, either in pictures or in sleep. The sky was cloudy—it was even dark—there was nothing above able to produce what I saw, nothing of brightness in that part of the above which I could see; and yet the high lands of the opposite shore, lands that were neither high nor picturesque when the wind was another way, were gleaming with a sort of mysterious beauty, such as you may conceive would be the character of a fine painting, if it were covered with a gray gauze and lighted up from within. It was what I should call, if I were not afraid of being charged with affectation, a *sketch* by the Deity, a shadow of the landscapes that we are to see hereafter; so faint, so ethereal was it, so unlike the landscapes of our earth."

Here too is a passage which has the flavor of severe truth and experience about it :—

“At the end of two weeks, finding that my health was impaired, that I could neither eat nor sleep, that my hair was falling off with a fever of the mind ; that I was growing nervous, actually nervous, and that a preternatural anxiety had got possession of me, which I knew would be fatal, if I did not make a desperate and a speedy effort, I determined to throw up my books and go into the country for a while. There was much to see, and how could I employ my time better than by seeing it, under circumstances which, whatever else they did, were pretty sure to make me happier and healthier. I could not be worse—for I had begun to feel what I had never felt before, and what I hope never to feel again, a dread of the future. I could not bear the idea of living to old age ; time was getting too heavy and the days too long for me. I could not work—perhaps I might play. But no—no—I mistook the remedy ; for after journeying east, west, north and south, till I was weary—tired of the large trees, the blue water and the deep green earth, tired of the very sky, and fatigued with perpetual change, I discovered that when the heart is too full for work, it is much too full for play ; that when the spirit is overcharged and vexed and sore, it is no time to go abroad for joy, or to move in the pathway of strangers—a bitter truth to know after solitude has worn us to the grave ; but still, the sooner we know it the better ; for if we are unhappy it may drive us to the only refuge below for the unhappy—occupation. If there be no hope in solitude, no hope in the great over-crowded thoroughfares of life, there may be hope, there is hope in steady and useful occupation. We have but to persevere for a few days, and that which was a labor, will become a joy to the heart.”

Is it not wonderful that a man who could write those two last extracts would be guilty of the following supreme affectation?—

“I hurried up—he was gone. But whither—and why—and how? Did he know me? Was he trying to avoid me, as I avoided other people?—*Did he mistake me for a gentleman? I hope not ; I had as lief be mistaken for a lady—or a lap-dog.*”

We think better of Mr. Neal's abilities than to believe he expects us or any body else to praise this book. If it were done by a friend of ours, we should feel that he was insulted and ridiculed by a serious commendation of it. His other books, full of faults as they were, were to this as “Hyperion to a Satyr.” “Brother Jonathan,” we do not hesitate to say, was the most original, and one of the most interesting and powerful books we ever read. Its headlong, reckless, frog-leap style, was redeemed by a thousand beauties. It seemed as if it was the unavoidable fault of a mind overcharged and suffocating with fulness, and you were continually surprised with new figures, and the multitude and freshness of them. It was as unlike the barrenness of the book before us, as Mr. Neal himself is unlike his own heroes—as unlike as deliberate calculation for effect by the fireside is to native irresistible eccentricity.

A RARE copy of Sir Thomas Brown's "Urn Burial" lies, time-stained and worm-eaten, before us. It is as good as to own it, to say that it belongs to a friend who can take every sentence of its rich text lovingly into his heart, and we little care therefore that it is evidently a relic of a once noble but now scattered library—the arms and crest of the Viscountess Scudamore, (with the motto, *scuto amoris divini*—beautiful, is it not?) being set with an antique seal upon the solid covers. What a comment upon life it is—more eloquent than a sermon, to read in the stained Preface, "whereunto is now added a Discourse of the Net-work Plantations of the Ancients, *newly written by the same Author!*" Three hundred years since—and *newly written*. What to us, now, is the poor speck of time between the writing of these two discourses! And then to gaze on the half-blotted imprint, and ponder on the poor human vanity of its present tense—"Printed for Edward Dod, and *are to be* sold by Andrew Crook, at the Green Dragon, in Paul's Church-yard"—as if the present—their time—their age, were eternity—and the glorious book they were sending out into the world would not outlive them—would not be read and admired when "Andrew Crook" was past being food for worms, and the grass of "Paul's Church-yard" had unsettled and overgrown even the tombstones of "Edward Dod" and the Author! It is a good lesson to learn after all, and a wise man might stop even here, at the title-page, and have found instruction enough in this simple morality, to pay him for the space the book had occupied upon his shelves.

There is a peculiarity about the old writers, Sir Thomas Brown more particularly, which is worthy of notice, no less as a curious trait of literature, than as a comment upon the temper of our own times. They *write with an affection*. There is a warm-heartedness glowing through their language—a confidence of kind reception—and altogether a loving and genial spirit toward the reader, which stirs a feeling of attachment never felt for a modern Author. To write a book now-a-days is to array one's self against the world—to assume an attitude of defence; and hence, naturally, the cold and unconfiding and abstract character of our literature. "In times of old," says Coleridge, "books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and as their numbers increased, they sunk still lower, to that of entertaining companions; and at present, they seem degraded into culprits, to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected judge, who chooses to write from humor or

interest, enmity or arrogance." It is enough to warm one's heart to pass from the scholastic stiffness or obtrusive egotism of the nineteenth century to the kind-hearted old gownsmen and play wrights of the sixteenth—men who wrote with a consciousness that the world was the gainer by their labors, and so sent out their books with a courtly grace and a smile, sure of a gentle answer and a grateful return.

Sir Thomas Brown, the author of the book beside our hand, was a humourist of the first water. He was a Doctor of Physic, very learned in wayside lore, and devoted to the solution of mystical questions and enigmas of history, and all things significant or insignificant that admitted of curious enquiry. In his elaborate work upon *Vulgar Errors*, he has discussed questions in the whole circle of knowledge, and with a mass of learning, and a degree of acuteness only found among the severe scholars of his time. Some of his themes are sufficiently amusing (such, for instance, as that "on the proper time for paring the nails," and on "sitting cross-legged,") and touched with a quiet humor perfectly peculiar to himself. It resembles, indeed, as some one remarks, the temperament of Jaques:—"I have neither the scholar's melancholy which is emulation; nor the musician's which is fantastical; nor the courtier's which is proud; nor the lady's which is nice; nor the lover's which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples; extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a *most humorous sadness*." The same writer says of Mr. Brown, "His is the sublime of egotism. He does not think or speak of himself as existing among the common relations and every-day accidents of life; but he transports these and himself into a region of his own creating, where he is at once the sovran and the subject, the artificer and the material. He abstracts all things into himself and then makes himself into an abstraction. He is an imaginative phantast. He never penetrates the essence of things, but he pairs opposites, and unites conflicting matter with the perversity of a parodist, and prevents our laughter by the melancholy enthusiasms in which he enshrouds his strange elements."

The essay before us was occasioned by the discovery of some curious urns dug up at Norfolk, England. It is preceded by a dedicatory epistle to a friend, which he closes with a beautiful appropriateness, by professing himself "even to Urne and Ashes," his faithful friend. The first page or two is occupied with finding a philosophy for the different modes of burial among different nations, attributing them to their

peculiar religious notions, and a natural desire to resolve the body into its original elements. He says that "The soberest nations have rested in two ways, simple inhumation and burning"—and that "God himself, who buried but one, was pleased to make choice of the former." "Some," he says again, "being of the opinion of Thales, that water was the original of all things, conclude in a moist relentment (immerse their dead in the sea) while others conceived it the most natural to end in fire, as due unto the master principle in composition, according to Heraclitus. The Chaldeans, great idolaters of fire, abhorred the burning of their carcasses as a pollution of their Deity. The Egyptians were afraid of fire, as too mercilessly consuming their bodies and leaving too little of them; and therefore by precious embalmments and handsome enclosure in glasses contrived the notablest ways of integrall conservation. The Scythians who swore by winde and sword, that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies, that they made their graves in the ayr, and the fish-eating nations about Egypt affected the Sea for their grave, thereby *restoring the debt of their bodies*. Whereas the old Heroes in Homer dreaded nothing more than drowning, probably upon the old opinion of the fiery substance of the soul, only extinguishable by that element."

An interesting and most learned chapter follows upon the shape of urns, obsequies, and rites of cremation, for which we refer the reader to the first quarto of his works that he may meet. There is little in it to quote, except an allusion to a beautiful departure from the usual custom, in the mingling in one urn of the ashes of Domitian and Julia—a consummation that few of us have not been romantic enough in our day to desire. We have run our pencil against here and there a sentence in the succeeding chapters, which we are unwilling the reader should lose, though, disconnected from the text, like pebbles taken from the sea, they lose half their lustre. "That they kindled the pyre (upon which the bodies were burned) aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbole of unwilling ministration; that they washed the bones in wine and milk, that the mother wrapt them in linen, and dryed them in her bosome—the first fostering part and place of their nourishment—were no improper ceremonies." "They made use of music to excite or quiet the affections of their friends, according to different harmonies. But the secret and symbolical hint was the harmonical nature of the soul; which, delivered from the body, went again to enjoy the primitive harmony of Heaven." "They kindled no fire in their houses for some days after, as a strict memorial of the late

afflicting fire." "They sucked in the last breath of their expiring friends, from a loose opinion that the soul passed out that way, and that the spirit of one body passed into another." After quoting the funeral of every poetical and historical hero since Adam, our Author falls into the reflection—"All is vanity, feeding the winde and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or Time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; *mummie is become merchandize, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams!* But man is a noble animal—splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave—solemnizing Nativities and Deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature." Thus closes a book upon which was poured a mind of most profuse and even unnecessary richness, but withal so mellowed by the sunny glow of his temper, his human affection for all living things, that he who can read his book and not love him, must have sensibilities of stone. In his *Religio Medici*, (a treatise, by the way, which is treasured, every letter, in our heart, and which, as you share all our pleasures, we will talk over together, dear Reader,) his heart comes through with even a more liberal fervor and kindliness. Talking of the harmony of creation, he says, with a glorious entireness of feeling:—"I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God; and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant, ugly; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms, and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule and order of beauty; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric." If you could look over our shoulder at this moment, and run your eye over the divine passages pencilled and open in this antique book, it would not be for an hour to come that we would close the worm-eaten covers—but our fingers are weary, though our own fancy is wakeful and watchful, and so, with a blessing on thee, old Sir Thomas, good night.

One page more! That solitary cricket is hammering away upon his monotonous tune, which I have not heard till now, though he has chirped doubtless in my ear since twilight, and the late plying hackneys rattle by at longer and stiller intervals, and the noise of closing shutters, and the locking of street doors has ceased, and the watchman drags his unlifted

feet slowly and with a dreary listlessness over the pavement. There is a dim lamp burning in a far window, and weary eyes are doubtless gazing on it, for it shines from a private hospital, and is lit for the watchers by the sick ; and above—but oh with how different a light, and how much holier and heavenlier associations, the stars are hung, many and pure, looking out with their lambent and glorious eyes upon this world of sickness and unrest, like the calm and untroubled gaze of a mother upon the fretful wakefulness of her child. It is the difference between Earth and Heaven. The same fire which kindles in that feeble lamp, burns in the radiant star ; and so the spirit which now shines dimly through its clay upon disease and sin, is the same spirit that will take its place in a celestial sphere, and look down calmly upon the earth, aloof from all its pollution, and unreachd by even the shadows of its ills. And apropos to shadows, there is one upon a sweet face we saw yesterday in the studio of our friend Alexander—a shadow perhaps less real than ideal—something that—that—that—we can't describe it. It is a face like Shelley's, as the reviewers sketch him—an *inly lighted*, transparent—here are some verses about it :—

There was a dazzling beauty in the lines
 Traced by the painter's pencil, and her brow,
 And the low curving of her delicate cheek,
 And the soft closing of the lips, were not
 Of the rare chiselling of the land of Greece.
 Her hair was not of colors that are sung,
 Nor yet her eyes of the rich tints that win
 Worship from human hearts, and none perhaps,
 Only a quiet dreamer such as I,
 Would call her beautiful. I know not why—
 That picture wins upon me like a spell.
 There is a something in her quiet look
 And in that downward gentleness of eye—
 A language in the pure, untroubled lip,
 And in the soft and eloquent tenderness
 Hidden in every feature, that my heart
 Leaps to, most earnestly. I sit and gaze
 Till the dumb canvass wakens, and a light
 Shines from those soft eyes out, and breath and sound
 Steal from the dewy and dividing lips
 As if Pygmalion's story might be true
 And earth-wrought beauty live. I never met,
 And I may never, the fair form whereon
 The painter gazed who drew it, but I know,
 As if an angel told me, that her heart
 Has a rich pulse, and that a lofty soul
 Nurses its thoughts beneath that quiet eye,
 And I am sure that never on this world
 Lighted a purer fancy, or a love
 Gentler and deeper for all beautiful things.